

MONTGOMERY;

OR,

Scenes

IN

W A L E S.

"Whatever career we pursue, we may get forward,
provided the imagination does not throw itself in the
way, but remains in subordination to truth."

Madame Roland's Appeal to Posterity.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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June 30, 1932

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BAKER

LEADENHALL STREET

1708

MONTGOMERY.

Chapter I.

"Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate,
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place!"

Young.

ONE morning as Caroline and Mr.
Aston were walking out, in passing
through the passage from Savile Row
to Conduit Street, their attention was

VOL. II.

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small

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VOL. II.

B

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arrested by a woman with a child in her arms, who was begging very earnestly, but not with the common cant of beggars, of two ladies very elegantly dressed, with a footman in a magnificent livery behind them. As the woman turned away from them on hearing them order their footman to "keep that woman off," she sighed deeply, and said in accents of sorrow, the person I beg for once dressed as fine as you do now, and was waited on by as fine a servant." As she ended this speech, she turned towards Caroline who was next to her, and looking attentively at her, "Oh! Madam," she exclaimed, "I think you will not refuse a trifle to the poor wretch I beg for, who is dying of illness, hunger, and a broken heart. He is,"

is," she added, with a burst of tears, "my husband." Her grief was evidently unaffected. Nature, not art, spoke in her tears. Caroline put her hand into her pocket. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Aston. "In Swallow Street, but a little way off."

"We will go and see your husband."

"It is a miserable place to go to."

"Never mind that; do you lead the way and we will follow you." The woman looked again at Caroline.

"O yes, I will go with you," said Caroline. The woman walked on and they followed her. She led them into

MONTGOMERY.

a small room on the ground floor, in which there was scarcely any furniture but the bed on which her husband lay. A little girl about six years old stood by the bed side, with one hand laid upon his forehead, and the other taking hold of his hand. The woman went first into the room, and as soon as the child saw her, "Oh! mother," she called out, "have you brought any thing for my father? He wanted to drink just now, and I gave him some water, but he can never get well without something else." Mr. Aston only stopped to enquire the nature of his disorder, which he found was being dreadfully bruised in consequence of a bad fall, and then went directly for a surgeon. Caroline putting some money into the woman's hand, deferred

MONTGOMERY.

fired her to go immediately and get some nourishment for them all, and leave the children with her.

The woman soon returned, and when the little girl saw the bread, she ran eagerly to her mother, saying, "Pray, mother, give me a bit for my father; I am sure he must be hungry." The poor man turned his head feebly round, and a tear started into his eye, as the little girl put a bit of bread to his mouth, a morsel of which he ate.

Mr. Aston came in with a surgeon soon after. Caroline left the room and went to her uncle's house, whither he came to her in about an hour. The surgeon had examined the man, and

found him violently bruised, but not any bones were broken, and he was ill likewise for want of rest and nourishment. Mr. Aston would have removed them immediately to a better lodging, but the surgeon thought him too weak then to bear it, he therefore had every thing got for them that could contribute to their present comfort where they were.

In a week the man was so much recovered of his bruises as to be carried to a comfortable lodging, and Mr. Aston, Caroline, and Shirley, who was returned again after some days absence, paid constant attention to this distressed family. As they were sitting one morning with the wife, who had
for

for a little while left her husband to the care of the nurse, they asked her some slight questions, to which she gave answers, that encouraged them to question her farther. They then enquired the meaning of what she had said to the ladies the first time they saw her.

“I think,” she replied, “you have a right to know all our story, though my husband does not like it should be known. But he cannot be angry with me for telling you, and therefore you shall hear it from the beginning. My husband is son to Lord ———, and was brought up like most such young men, except that he imbibed serious notions on some things from his nursery maid, with whom he was always the

B 4

favourite.

favourite. But he lived a gay life after he was grown up. He was in the army, and was quartered in the town where my father kept a public house over against his lodging. I was reckoned handsome, and I often used to see him looking at me as I was about after the business of the house. After some time one of the sergeants came to me and said, if I would live with the gentleman over the way, he had promised to provide handsomely for me. I told him I should never listen to any such thing; for though I lived in a public house, my mother had taught me how to value myself, and I never would lose my character for any body. It was all I had to depend on; and when that was gone, and he perhaps had turned me out into
the

the world, what should I have to live by? Still I saw he was always watching me, and I could not help having a liking to him, though I knew his designs were base. At last he found an opportunity of speaking to me himself, and he said all the sergeant had told me, and a great deal more of what he would do for me; and though in my heart I liked him, and could not help crying when I put him off, still I kept my resolution, and then he said if I would forgive him, he never would affront me any more.

“After this, I still saw him looking after me, though it was more cautiously than he had done, and I could not always help looking up at his window as

I was about just before it. When this had gone on sometime, he sent over to speak to my father, and told him that he liked me, and he thought I liked him, and if he would bring me after him to London, he would marry me, and he gave a solemn promise that he was in earnest, and that he was at liberty to marry whom he pleased, for he was then five and twenty. This was agreed to by us all, and my father took me to London and we were married, and for some time his friends did not hear of it; but when they did, it was all hurricane with them presently. One would not see him, and another could never call him brother again. And what was worse than all, his father swore he might live on his pay, for he should

should never have another farthing from him. And his relations being thus angry with him, hardly an acquaintance would speak to him. All those ladies who used to be so fond of having him after them, because he was a lord's son and an officer, would not look at him when it was known that he had married a poor woman. His former companions too all forsook him. He had been company for any body when he lived in a stile as it is called; but when he became poor, he was not *good company* any longer, and we seemed quite turned out of the world. But he was notwithstanding a kind husband to me; and with all their ill usage and their taunts about me, that he might have

have been contented indeed to have had me without marrying me, he has never been provoked to be unkind to me in any way.

“As soon as it was known that all his relations had cast him off, he was called on for whatever he owed to any body, and threatened to be put into jail if he did not pay directly. There was not any way of settling these debts but by selling his commission, which paid all he owed, and left a few pounds besides. But what to do for a maintenance was now the difficulty. There was one person friendly enough to try whether my husband's relations would not be a little kind, but it was all in vain,

vain, he had disgraced himself and his family, they said, and he must take the consequences.

“ Quite at a loss what to do, as my husband had never been used to any employment but what he had had in the army, he enlisted for a soldier in a different regiment from what he had been in before. Here he lived a very sober life; and though it fretted him a good deal at first that he could not do any better for us, yet he became tolerably reconciled to it, and we were as comfortable as such a kind of life as a soldier's would allow us to be. I took in plain work and washing, which was a considerable help to us. At leisure times

times my husband taught me to read and write.

“ His regiment was in America when the war broke out, and in one of the first engagements he lost three fingers off one hand, and was dismissed as unfit for service. We got back to England as soon as we could, and he has ever since worked with a gardener, and we made out a tolerable living, though his health has been but indifferent, till this unlucky fall quite laid him by, and we have been obliged to pawn one thing after another, till almost ever thing but the bed and the clothes upon our backs were gone; and that morning you first saw me I had been
driven

driven out by despair, to beg for something really to support life, for we must all have perished with hunger, if I had not then got some relief. As to meeting with such friends as you I never expected it, and never can be grateful enough for all your kindness. I have another child, a boy, older than these, whom my brother has taken since we came over, to teach him his trade of a shoemaker, and he gives him his board, and that is all he can afford to do."

Shirley did not chuse to interrupt the story, but he recollected as soon as the name of Lord —— was mentioned, that this unfortunate man was in the same regiment with him. And he remembered hearing, when he returned
from

from his travels on the continent, that Mr. ——— had married and left the regiment, and that no one knew what was become of him. He now mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. ——— and desired her to acquaint her husband with it, which she promised to do, though she said she could not answer for his consenting to see one he had formerly known, notwithstanding his having been now such a friend to him, as he had conceived a general disgust against his former acquaintance. But she hoped he would be convinced that it was unreasonable with respect to him.

“What a strange state of society is this in which we live,” Mr. Aston afterwards observed, “that stigmatizes
and

and persecutes a man for a breach of custom, with a degree of severity that would be thought unreasonable for a breach of morality. Had Lord——— been advised, whilst his son was leading a dissolute life, to banish him from his family, and with-hold all pecuniary assistance from him, he would probably have rejected the advice with indignation. Would have called his son's faults the follies of a young man, and passed them over. But when by this marriage he clashed with his prejudices in favour of family and rank, the offended father will not hear of any kind of reconciliation, and even exposes him to the hazard of absolute want.

“The

"The object of parents should be to make their children rational beings, by a thoroughly good education and setting them a good example. They would then be qualified to be, and ought to be, independent when grown up. And these harsh interferences in concerns entirely individual, would then never be thought on."

"Though the family," said Shirley, "might not like to associate with him, as his wife was not to their taste, that was rather an extraordinary reason for leaving them to starve, of which, considering the helpless habits of the young man's education and mode of life, there was real danger. For the injury, supposing

posing him to have done any, was to himself not to them. Fortunately, they had sense enough to make the best they could of their untoward situation, and have given a convincing proof that a little assistance only from his family, would have made them happy."

"In this, as in many other instances," said Caroline, "what has been most likely wantonly lavished on luxuries, would have afforded to them the means of comfort and happiness."

They talked much on this subject, and though Shirley was pretty well assured before what the opinions of Mr. Aston and Caroline were on it, he heard them avow their sentiments with a pleasure

a pleasure arising as well from the hopes they inspired relative to himself, as from his general love of truth, which united him by the strongest ties to its unfeigned disciples. And, if possible, he loved Caroline at that moment a thousand times more than he had ever done yet.



Chapter

Chapter 2.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

Shakspeare.

WHEN Caroline returned home, Mr. Aston and Shirley accompanied her. They had been kept late in conversation with Mrs. ———, and dinner was upon the table when they got to Burlington Street. Mordaunt could not well omit asking Mr. Aston and Shirley to stay, though Caroline observed

served in him more than the usual reluctance he had lately shewn to their company.

"You are late, Caroline," Mordaunt observed, "you must have been a long walk this morning."

"I spent the early part of the morning at Lever's Museum. The latter part I have spent in Swallow Street."

"You must find something wonderfully attractive in that Swallow Street family."

"Caroline," said Mr. Aston calmly, "always finds attraction wherever she can do any good."

Mordaunt

Mordaunt did not make any reply.

"And pray," asked Mrs. Mordaunt, "what do you make out at last about these people? I would venture any wager they are only imposing on you."

"You had better not lay a wager, sister," said Mr. Aston, "for you would certainly lose. Their story, besides the coincidence of circumstances known to Shirley, has all the simplicity of truth in it. I am not at liberty to tell the story or I think I could convince you of this."

"Perhaps not so easily as you imagine. It is not a little cant that can
impose

impose on me," said Mrs. Mordaunt with a very wise look.

"I beg pardon," replied Mr. Aston, with a little sarcasm in his manner, "I will readily acknowledge I am mistaken, if you have made a resolution not to be convinced."

The conversation was here interrupted by a note being brought to Mr. Aston, making him the offer of a box at the theatre for that evening, to see the inimitable Mr. King in Lord Ogilby. Mr. Aston without any difficulty, except on the part of Mordaunt who seemed extremely unwilling that the family should go, prevailed on the company present to accept this offer.

After

After having been highly gratified by the performance of this admirable actor, they all supped at Mr. Aston's, with some other friends, whom he brought with him from the theatre.

As soon as they returned home, Mordaunt took Caroline aside, and desired that she would not suffer any thing to prevent his having some conversation with her the next morning, as he had something of importance to mention to her, that he had wished for an opportunity of communicating to her that evening.

The next morning, when Mordaunt and Caroline were together, he said with a very serious face, "I must first

VOL. II. C mention

mention, Caroline, what gives me great uneasiness, that is, your going to those people in Swallow Street, as it gives occasion to very indelicate constructions being put on your conduct."

Caroline, expecting from Mordaunt's début and grave face that some unpleasant circumstance had arisen in the family, felt her anxiety at once relieved, and said with a smile, "I own I am at a loss to conjecture what ill construction can be put on my going thither; but whatever this gossip's tale may be, I beg you will not suffer it to make you uneasy, for I assure you it will never make me so."

"I do

"I do not wish it should give you any lasting uneasiness, but I hope it will give you so much as to deter you from going thither any more; for the general idea is that you go thither, by the contrivance of your uncle, to meet Shirley."

"I admire the ingenuity and the good temper of the turn given to my visits when there was another motive for them so much more obvious. But this will not deter me from the performance of my duty. Indeed I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that so far from thinking the tattling misrepresentations of the gossips of both sexes, who are by a strange hyberbole of speech,

called the world, deserving of attention, that I hold them in contempt."

"But remember that your first duty is to take care of your own character."

"I shall do that most effectually, by a general attention to my duty as a rational being. It is only by that I can really deserve a good character, and I shall then have a good one amongst those who best know me, and are most capable of forming a just estimate of me."

"But this will be confined to a few, and the generality of the world who know you only by report, will be led to form a very different opinion of you,

as

as is the case in the present instance. You must guard against giving occasion for such reports. A woman's character is too valuable to be sported with in this manner."

"I must for a moment deviate from our particular subject of discussion, to observe generally that I do not know any sex in morals. Custom has indeed established a vitiated morality that makes a distinction of sex, but in the eye of reason vice does not lose the harshness of its features in one sex any more than in the other. The value of character must be the same therefore in both, and the only valuable characters are such as I have pointed out. And though this *formidable world* that

you speak of may endeavour to fally the purity of them, they will at last find their level, probably even in the opinions of those who are not ingenuous enough to own it."

"I shall not enter into this general question. But I must observe that at any rate it seems unnecessary now that you should give occasion for these disagreeable reports; as it will answer the purpose just as well to send some relief to these people as to go yourself. It is our money, not our company, that is useful on such occasions."

"But there are various little consolations besides, of as much effect in many cases as giving money, that only personal

personal attention can administer. And it is no less salutary to ourselves, than to those we would relieve, to go amongst them. It softens the severity often indulged with respect to the poor, and makes the heart humane; and such intercourse would meliorate their manners, at the same time that we relieve their distress. A familiarity too with such scenes would plead the general cause of the poor, and must promote the endeavour to amend the system under which we live."

"I have listened to you hitherto with some patience, but you have really now exhausted it. For a woman to talk this jargon of improving the world, and to slight all regard to character as you do,

is too much, I cannot bear to hear it."

"The mistaken idea that you, and the generality of people, indulge, that women ought to be cyphers, is what has created half the evils of the world. And its future improvement, I am convinced must in great measure depend on the female character being made rational, and having that importance given to it in society, that the situations of all departments of women's lives, more particularly as wives and mothers, justly deserves. I must either slight character in your sense of the word, or be fettered by a set of ridiculous and pernicious customs, the compliance with which can only establish it, in what
is

is called the *world*, and which would leave me of about the same utility as a puppet. Whereas, by disregarding such nonsense, I am enabled to be, I hope, of some service to my fellow creatures."

Mordaunt did not care to push this matter any farther at present as there was another subject on which he wanted to talk to Caroline. Therefore, softening his manner, he said, "We will drop this subject now as there is another on which I wanted to talk with you. You must, my dear Caroline, give me leave to congratulate you on having made a conquest that half the young women in town will envy you."

Caroline, who guessed his meaning, replied rather coldly, that it could never give her any pleasure to excite envy, and begged him to explain himself. Mordaunt, who found this would not do, immediately shifted his ground, and said, "I ought indeed to ask your pardon for the supposition, you have too much good sense and good temper to indulge so contemptible a pleasure, but you must accept my congratulations on having captivated one of the first young men in town; I mean Sir William Besborough, who has been with me this morning to request permission through me, to make a declaration of his attachment to you, and offer any terms of settlement within the limits of his fortune, which is ample, that you shall

shall prescribe. He has left a carte blanche with me, and you have only to dictate your own terms."

Mordaunt paused, and Caroline, with a calm determined manner that he did not like, then said, "I feel myself obliged to Sir William Besborough, as I always should to any man, who paid me the compliment he has done, of thinking it in my power to make him happy, a compliment that claims the most unequivocal answer from me. I must therefore request you, brother, to say to Sir William, from me, that I am very sensible of the honour done me by his good opinion and the liberality of his offers, but that it is impossible

for

for me ever to think of an union with him."

Mordaunt reddened as she spoke and could hardly restrain himself to speak with any degree of patience as he replied, "I think I have a right, Caroline, as your brother, to give my advice, though you will not condescend to ask it. I must, therefore, recommend it to you not to be so hasty in your decision, and I must say, that I think it would be becoming in you to consult your friends on this occasion. I mean your mother and brother." For he had just recollected Mr. Aston, who he was sure would support Caroline in deciding for herself, and whom he therefore wished not to be consulted.

"You

"You must excuse me, brother. I do not mean to slight either you or my mother, by not taking your advice, but this is a case in which advice is out of the question. I do not want any body to inform me, that I never can have that attachment to Sir William Besborough, without which I never would marry any man. And consequently, I am competent to decide for myself on this occasion."

"But, at least, if you will not deign to receive any advice, you will surely take some days to consider of the offer. Such offers are not to be expected every day. The person, fortune, family, and title of Sir William, are recommendations few women would overlook."

"To

"To consider when I am already determined, and there is no probability, hardly a possibility, that that determination should change, would be very ill usage of Sir William, whose generous proposals and good opinion of me, claim an immediate and explicit answer. My decision is not hasty, I have long seen the intentions of Sir William, and as long determined not to encourage them."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mordaunt, "to refuse such an offer without any reason, you must be mad, Caroline."

"I have already, brother, given you the strongest reason. I am not, and never shall be, attached to Sir William
Belborough,

Besborough, and therefore never can think of marrying him, we are not suited to each other."

"It is the most unaccountable perverseness I ever heard of, to reject such a man as Sir William, unless," added Mordaunt, looking sternly at her, "you have any other attachment."

Caroline replied calmly, and with dignity, "I have already given sufficient reason, brother, both to you and Sir William Besborough, for my refusal of him, and neither you nor he have any right to probe my sentiments farther."

"Then I must acquaint Sir William with your rejection of his proposals.—

I wish

I wish to God Mr. Aston had never introduced."—Here Mordaunt checked himself, and addressing Caroline once more, "then you are positively determined," he said, "on this answer."

"Yes positively," said Caroline.

When Caroline had left the room, Mordaunt walked about for some time in violent agitation. He had long been afraid that Caroline was attached to Shirley, yet he hoped the splendor of Sir William's offers might have dazzled her, but her positive refusal of him, confirmed all his fears, and severely mortified his pride. His hatred of Shirley was now confirmed, and inveterate, and little less so of Mr. Aston, whom

whom he execrated as the introducer of Shirley at their house.

As the first burst of passion a little subsided, he began to consider of giving an answer to Sir William, and sat down to write. He wished very much that one more trial of Caroline's resolution could be made by Sir William himself, and endeavoured to lead to it, by the terms in which his letter was couched. Though he would not be so dishonourable as not to mention her positive refusal of him, he gave hints in general terms, of the perverseness of young women, and that a brother was not always the person to whom they would be explicit.

This

This had the desired effect with Sir William, whose passion was warm enough to prompt him to a second offer, and whose vanity was piqued by a refusal, after the public attention he had paid her, encouraged therefore by the hints of Mordaunt to hope for better success by renewing his proposals in person, he called with this intention the next morning, but Caroline had given orders not to be at home to any one, and he did not see her.

In the evening at Almacks, Sir William expected to meet Caroline, and went unfashionably early to watch her coming in. It was late, and he had almost given her up, when the Mordaunts entered the room. As Sir
 William

William advanced towards Caroline, he felt awed as he caught her fine expressive eye, which seemed to forbid all marked attention to her. "I do not presume," he said, "to ask for the honour of dancing with you, but I hope you will not refuse me the honour of listening to me for some minutes here, or of appointing a time, when I may have the honour of waiting on you."

Caroline replied with emphasis, "I shall certainly decline the honour of dancing with you, Sir William, and in compliance therefore with the established custom shall not dance this evening. I am of course at leisure, and as you cannot have any thing to say
to

to me, that this time is not proper for, I beg you will proceed."

Sir William, though mortified by the distance of her manner, expressed in warm but respectful terms, the disappointment he had experienced, asked her forgiveness, if he had offended, by using the mediation of a third person, in an affair on which the happiness of his life depended, and repeating what he had proposed by Mordaunt, then earnestly entreated her at least to do him the honour to consider of his proposals before she gave him a final answer. Caroline, after saying what she thought due to the renewed compliment of Sir William, added that she was sorry he had not considered the answer

answer she had given by her brother as decisive. That to trifle with either of them she considered as equally improper both to them and herself, and concluded with assuring him, that the answer she had already given, he must consider as final.

Mordaunt, who had observed the countenances of Caroline and Sir William, during this conversation, had alternately been agitated by hope and fear, till the manner of the former in her concluding speech, and the formal bow and mortified air of the latter, sufficiently informed him that Caroline remained unmoved in her resolution. Sir William and Mordaunt, to conceal their

their mutual chagrin joined the dancers,
as soon as Caroline had joined a group
who were engaged in conversation.



Chapter

Chapter 3.

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind or mind."

Doyle.

THE account Mr. ——— had heard from his wife of Shirley, so far got the better of his aversion to the idea of seeing a former acquaintance, that when he was well enough to converse, he consented to see him. The manners of Mr. ——— were those of a gentleman,

a gentleman, with the fopperies of high life worn off, and something of austerity contracted, from the circumstances of his situation. At the first interview he was embarrassed, but after they had met two or three times, the ingenuous benevolent manner of Shirley gained so much on him that he became unreserved, and his manner softened.

One day as they were talking together, he said, with a tone expressive of much emotion, "how different is the situation in which you now find me, to that in which we first became acquainted. But I do not fear calling heaven to witness the truth of what I say, when I declare, that it is not the vanities of my

my former situation, that I regret, but the want of the common comforts of life for an amiable wife who loves me, and the little helpless babes, whom we have brought into the world. If I had been guilty of any offence towards my family, what could be alledged against them, they were innocent."

"And you no less so," said Shirley, "as every one must acknowledge if they made morality and not custom the criterion of conduct. Every one has an incontestible right to please themselves in their matrimonial connections, and those are bold people who venture to interfere in such cases, they may prevent happiness that it will never be in their power to restore. I will not

scruple to say that you ran a more than common risk in your matrimonial connection, but it was not the part of friends to aggravate that risk by unjustly inflicting hardships on you."

"Alas!" replied Mr. ———, "how few are there with sentiments like yours. One spark of such in the breast of my father, had spared me a great deal of suffering both in body and mind. He had administered lavishly to my vices, he denied a pittance to my necessities."

"I trust your sufferings will be at an end," said Shirley, "as soon as you have recovered your health. You have now with a friend in Mr. Aston, who is both able and anxious to place you in a situation

a situation not merely above want, but in which you shall possess all the real comforts of life. Its luxuries he is superior to himself, and to the encouraging an indulgence in them in others."

"Once more to taste of what you call comforts, will be luxury to us; and to know how to value them, I believe to nine tenths of mankind, it is necessary they should have known the want of them. I have sufficiently seen the fallacy of a thousand wants that I once had, the satisfying of which, I thought necessary to my happiness. I am now convinced by the experience of a youth of extravagance, and an after period of hardship, how much happier it would be, both for the rich

and poor classes of mankind, if a more equal distribution of property were to take place."

In the course of their conversation, Mr. ——— told Shirley his story

"E'en from his boyish days,
To the very moment when he bade him tell it."

But there is little to add of it to the reader, who has already been made acquainted with the principal circumstances, in the relation given by his wife to Mr. Aston, Caroline, and Shirley. He said his heart was subdued by the artless prudence and simplicity of the young woman he married, and that as far as she was personally concerned
he

he had been happy. That her disposition was docile, and if he had had the means to give her the advantages of education, they would not have been thrown away on her. For even the instructions he had been able to give her, which, from the deficiency in his own education, and their want of leisure, had been but little, she had received with facility, and derived all the advantage from them that was possible.

“A moderate income,” he added, “would have made us easy and happy, far happier than I should ever have been with one of the women of quality who would have pleased my family, and made me miserable. I had seen too much of them to be so caught. And

though I have been by unkind relations reduced at last to the extremity of wanting bread, in consequence of my marriage, I would not in that time of distress have exchanged my wife and situation, to have been replaced in the favour of my relations and the luxury I had lived in, with a wife of their choosing for me. My wishes have long been bounded by moderation, and with a competency I should, as I have said, be really happy."

Mr. ———,foothed to a considerable degree both of general and self complacency by his intercourse with Shirley, did not any longer feel unwilling to see Mr. Aston. He had dreaded for a long time finding in him an ostentatious

tationous benevolence that wounds whilst it relieves. A disinterested or unostentatious liberality he had scarcely ever known. It is not, therefore, surprising that he was less reluctant to see Shirley than Mr. Aston. It was not in the power of the former, to give pecuniary assistance with the liberality of the latter, and the distance, therefore, seemed to him less between them, than it did between himself, and the person by whose alms he was fed. The mind of man naturally revolts from the idea of being dependant on the capricious bounty of another, for that subsistence which it cannot but be supposed, the Lord of all, meant equally for the use of all. But the first interview with Mr. Aston, put an end to every unpleasant

sensation in Mr. ———. He found him the most unostentatious and pleasing of men, and was so much charmed with his manner and conversation, that till he was gone, he did not recollect that he was under any obligation to him. Though such, indeed, Mr. Aston would never allow him to call what he had done for him; as he always considered as far as his fortune would extend, that the poor of every description had a right to his assistance.

Mr. Aston thought it proper before he mentioned to Mr. ——— any future plan of life for him, to know whether he had any wish or intention that his situation should be made known to his family. Mr. ——— consulted Mr.

Aston

Aston and Shirley, who neither of them chose to advise in so delicate a concern, though the former said he would readily undertake any service of the kind for him. Mr. ——— took some days to consider of it, and at last determined to let the affair rest as it then was. His father and mother he knew were dead, and he thought it probable he was supposed to be so, by the remaining part of his family, as not the least intercourse had ever been kept up amongst them since his marriage. And he dreaded, lest the ideas and prejudices of their situation, should interfere with the peaceful retirement, in which he wished to spend the remainder of his life. This being decided on, Mr. Aston proposed to Mr. ——— to settle him

in the country on a small estate then on sale, the produce of which would support his family comfortably, and the care of which would employ and amuse him. The purchase was made by Mr. Aston, in the name of Mr.——; who, with his family, was soon settled there, where they enjoyed for many years a tranquil happiness, made doubly pleasant to them, by the hardships they had undergone.



Chapter 4.

“ Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.”

Armstrong.

MORDAUNT, after what he had observed of the conversation at Almack's, between Caroline and Sir William Besborough, could not any longer doubt but that all his plans and hopes with respect to her were blasted. And
this

this was still farther confirmed to him in a few days, by Sir William Besborough's going out of town, as he heard, for the summer, though it was yet early in the spring. He was disappointed too with respect to Sophia, who appeared worn down by fatigue since their residence in London, to a degree that seemed seriously to threaten her health; and the hoped for effect of dissipation had failed with respect to her spirits, which were evidently much worse than when she came to London. On every account, therefore, he thought it adviseable to take them again into the country. Shirley, it is true, was their near neighbour, but he thought he could keep him at a distance better there than he could in London,

London, particularly as he hoped Mr. Aston would not be with them, for he had resolved even at the hazard of giving him offence, not to give him any invitation to Glenmor. Mrs. Mor-daunt was too much pleased with remaining mistress at Glenmor, to oppose the wishes of her son; and therefore when he told her it would be convenient to him to return thither, and he hoped the family would go with him, she immediately complied, though reluctant to leave London so early in the year, and to give up also the hope she still indulged of Sophia's making some important conquest; and, accordingly, an early day was fixed on for their journey.

Scarcely

Scarcely had Shirley enjoyed the assurance, that the departure of Sir William Besborough had given him, of his being a rejected rival, and resolved, which he now thought he could do with honour to her, to redouble his attentions to Caroline, and if they were favourably received no longer hesitate to make a declaration of his attachment, than he learnt from Caroline herself, that they were to leave London in three days. Though he felt this as a present disappointment, yet it seemed to him not one of great consequence, as he resolved to return into Wales, where he should have, though not perhaps quite such frequent, yet they might be in some respects probably more favourable opportunities of seeing her, than if they had

had remained in London. The coldness of Mordaunt gave him some uneasiness on this head, but as they were still on visiting terms, he hoped it would not prove an obstacle of any real importance to him.

A man less in love than Shirley, would possibly have already felt confident of success, for Caroline, with an unaffected ingenuousness that did honour both to her head and heart, had given him a thousand little delicate encouragements, only to be noticed as such by feelings sympathetic to her own. And though Shirley, in compliance with the restrictions of honour that he had imposed on himself, till some decision had taken place with respect

spect to Sir William Belborough, had not presumed on these encouragements, they had not been unnoticed, or unfelt, with genuine extacy by him. And more attention to them, and silent expression of reciprocal sensation, had often escaped him, whilst he fancied he was keeping a strict guard on his conduct, than he was himself always aware of.

"In love there is an ear that understands
 What common hearings never listened to;
 Or listening, feasted never on the honied sound:
 An eye, that sees where common eyes are blind:
 A sense, that asks no medium cold of touch,
 Or speech, or knowledge, else than instinct gives:
 The kindred feelings, howsoe'er express'd,
 Love knows, and led by natural impulse owns
 Congenial sympathies."

Whoever

Whoever has known what it is to love, must also have known what it is to fear, and will not therefore wonder that Shirley wished to make "assurance doubly sure," before he took the important step on which so much of his future happiness depended. He immediately mentioned to Mr. Aston his intention of returning home; and was happy to see that he evidently entered into his motives, and was pleased with them.

Mr. Aston held in contempt the idea of being a match maker, or in any way interfering in what ought to be the result of voluntary choice, prompted by attachment. But to counteract the machinations of pride, in its endeavours to
prevent

prevent the union of affection, he thought a duty to those who were marked out as its victims. He had seen early in their acquaintance, the partiality of Shirley and Caroline for each other, and as this had gradually ripened into attachment, he had beheld it with the delight of a tender parent, anxious for the welfare of his children, and felt no pleasure equal to that, which the prospect of this connection gave him. From his intimate knowledge of both, he had the justest reason to believe, that it was a connection likely to promote their mutual happiness, and he could not, therefore, think with any patience of their prospects being blasted for the gratification of pride. He had long seen through the intentions of

Mordaunt,

Mordaunt, and resolved, as far as lay in his power, to render them abortive. Not by any underhand artifice, debasing both to himself and them, but merely by giving them such opportunities of seeing each other as were usual amongst common acquaintance. That this might operate to the encreasing their attachment, and promote their union, he knew was probable, and looked forward to with satisfaction. The separating them, as he perceived Mordaunt wished to do, he thought a gross act of tyranny that ought to be resolutely withstood. For he could never consider the name of relation as giving one human being any right to controul another.

Mr. Aston, though the friend both of
Caroline

Caroline and Shirley, was not the confidant of either. Their attachment, indeed, was not one of that description which makes confidants, it was of the kind that is felt not talked of. It was from his own observation alone, that he derived his knowledge of their sentiments, and it was on the general principles of justice and natural liberty, that his conduct was regulated.

The evening of the day before that, on which the Mordaunt family were to leave London, Mr. Aston and Shirley spent with them. Mordaunt, pleased with the thoughts of getting out of the way of Mr. Aston, and of keeping Shirley on more distant terms, was in unusual good humour and spirits. The
same

same cause had a different effect on Caroline; the being separated from her uncle was a serious loss and uneasiness to her at all times, and she feared it would be much more so now, as it could not but be evident to her, that her brother was strongly prejudiced against Shirley, and that she might therefore very probably not see him so frequently as she had done. Mr. Aston discerning what was passing in her mind, and certain that it affected her spirits, took an opportunity of saying that he should see them again he hoped in a month at latest, as he had promised to spend the early part of the summer at least, with his friend Shirley. Caroline's eyes in a moment expressed all the pleasure this information had given

given her, and she became animated and happy. Mordaunt, surpris'd and angry, could not command himself. His countenance became as red as fire, and the altered expression of his eyes, and petulant tone of his voice, betrayed his present sensations, and gave pretty strong evidence of what his principal motive had been, for taking the family into the country. When they separated, Shirley address'd himself particularly to Caroline, and said he hoped in a week at farthest to have the pleasure of seeing her and the family again, as he should be in Wales within that time, and immediately on his arrival should take the liberty of coming to Glenmor. There was something unusually impressive in the manner of
Shirley,

Shirley, that gave a more than common sensation of pleasure to the artless soul of Caroline. A soft blush suffused her face, and though she only wished him a good journey, it was in a manner so inexpressibly engaging, that for a moment Shirley seemed to forget he ought to go. But as Mr. Aston took her by the hand and said, "God bless you, my dear child," Shirley bowed in silence and retired. Mordaunt, who had watched Caroline and Shirley with a malignant eye, as soon as the latter and Mr. Aston were gone, said in no very pleasant manner that he had business yet to finish, and must wish them good night.

As they were all retiring, Sophia
with

with much hesitation entreated Caroline to stay with her that night, for that she could not bear to be alone. Caroline, perceiving she was in a general tremor, and as pale as death, immediately promised to comply with her request, without asking any questions. For some time she endeavoured to amuse her by conversation, but finding it had not the desired effect, she at last thought it best to enquire what was the cause of her trepidation. Sophia evaded her questions, but consented, after a good deal of persuasion, to go to bed. But rest Caroline found she had not the whole night; and when she got up in the morning she looked more like a dead, than a living figure. When they were summoned to the carriage she appeared

peared quite bewildered, and hardly to have power to move, but suffered Caroline to lead her down stairs without any resistance.

From the moment their journey had been fixed, Sophia's spirits had been more than ever depressed, it had, indeed, to her, been like signing a death warrant, so fully was she possessed with the idea that she should not live to return into Wales. Every hour of the three preceding days had been awful to her, but she, in some degree, repressed her emotions till the last night, when, quite overcome by terror, she sought some refuge from it in the company of Caroline, though she had not courage to tell her the cause of it. The idea of

Montgomery, on which at all times she loved to dwell, was, during these three days, more than ever present to her imagination. In moments of extatic vision, she pictured him as dying at the same time with herself, and, that their spirits, still faithful to each other, would meet in regions of eternal bliss. But as a mind off its balance one way, generally preponderates suddenly, as much beyond a just equipoise the other way, these pleasing reveries were succeeded by a gloom as visionary, which represented Montgomery dragging on a long miserable existence, deprived by her untimely death, of the feeble ray of consolation, which she supposed to be all that now made life endurable to him; that her brother might relent, and their union

union compensate all his past sufferings. In the same degree that this idea prevailed, the thoughts of dying became dreadful to her, and produced the effect already described.

At first when Sophia got into the carriage, and for many miles after they left London, surprise superseded all her other sensations. And the hurry of their journey, as they travelled post, hardly gave her time to recollect herself, before she felt the delightful consciousness of being near Glenmor. A few drops of silent delicious tears, stole down her cheeks at this escape as it seemed to her, from the arms of death, and return to the scenes of the most interesting hours of life to her. Mont-

gomery was present to her now, in every part of the country they passed through, not as he had been in the trance or gloom of the last few days, but as she had really known him. In this or that place, they had ridden or walked together, and in others, conversations had passed that were still imprinted on her memory. As they drove by the never to be forgotten spot in the wood, where she had seen him for the last time, she started suddenly forward, and put her head out of the coach window, but instantly drew it in again on Mor-daunt's saying, with rather a sharp accent, "It is time enough to fly out of the coach, Sophia, when it stops at the door." Her timid disposition was quite overcome by this remark, nor
would

would she have rallied again if Caroline, who always regretted the impolicy, as well as the ill temper of Mordaunt, on some occasions to her, had not remarked, with an endeavour to give a different turn to what Mordaunt said, than she knew had been his meaning. "We have always been eager ever since I remember, to fly out of the coach, as you call it, and run over the places dear to us from long acquaintance, and a thousand pleasing associations, and I scarcely feel less of that eagerness, which you perhaps think childish, now, than I did formerly."

Mordaunt had felt vexed with himself when he saw the effect of what he had said on Sophia, and was not sorry for

the opportunity Caroline had given him of making a sort of indirect apology for it by saying, "It is very natural that it should be so, but when people have their minds fixed on business, and important concerns, it is, perhaps excusable, if the first impression it gives is of childishness." Sophia had recovered pretty well by the time they reached the house, and felt herself relieved as she entered it, from all the irksomeness of a long residence in London.



Chapter

Chapter 5.

"The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

Shakspeare.

TREVELYAN, who had been at Bath for a month before the Mordaunt family left London, returned into Wales within a few days after them, as did Shirley also, whose impatience to be again at Llangors, in the neighbourhood of Caroline, had induced him rather to shorten than prolong his intended stay in London. Both of them having set

out with an intention to go to Glenmor, met accidentally within a quarter of a mile of the house, and rode on together. Mordaunt seemed pleased with the opportunity their coming together gave him, of making Shirley sensible of the difference of his manner towards him and Trevelyan. The latter he received with the cordiality of a friend, to the former he was scarcely civil. Shirley, conscious of his motives for this distinction, felt his blood fired, but as the door was opened for them to go into the room where the ladies were sitting, he heard the voice of Caroline, and, instantly drawing the line of demarcation between the brother and sister, felt only contempt for the absurd pride of the former, and advancing towards the lat-

ter

ter was recompensed for the frown of a thousand brothers, by the sweet smile with which she received him. Many times in the day, notwithstanding the disposition her presence gave him to disregard every thing but her, his patience was put to considerable trials by the behaviour of Mordaunt, and if it had not been for the evident displeasure which he saw her brother's conduct gave to Caroline, and the unaffectedly encouraging sweetness of her manner to him, he would have left the house with a resolution never to enter it again. But the previous resolutions he had formed, determined him to put up with his insolence as well as he could, till Mr. Aston came down, and then, at once, put an end to all perplexities, by

making his proposals to Caroline. To this short delay he was induced to yield by the consideration of the advantage it must be to them to have Mr. Aston present at such a time with respect to Mordaunt, as well as the satisfaction he knew it would be to Caroline, even under circumstances that did not bode such a storm as she would now most likely experience. In the mean time, he thought it would be most prudent not to make frequent visits at Glenmor, to avoid as much as possible giving Mordaunt an opportunity of quarrelling with him. Caroline, he did not doubt, would be sensible of his motive for this, and allow the reasonableness of it.

Trevelyan, than whom, a better tempered or better hearted being did not

not exist, was disgusted and concerned at the behaviour of Mordaunt. He had a real friendship for Caroline and Shirley, and he felt this tie drawn still closer as he sat an observant spectator of the malevolence of Mordaunt towards them, which excited in him a tenfold interest for their happiness. He left Glenmor at the same time that Shirley did. After about a quarter of a mile, the road to Llangors was out of Trevelyan's way, but he was so much interested for Shirley, and so entirely taken up by what had passed that day, that he could not leave him. They rode on in perfect silence till they got to Shirley's house, who seemed then, for the first time, to perceive that Trevelyan was with him. As they got off their horses, "excuse me, Trevelyan," said Shirley,

Shirley, " for being so negligent, you are more friendly than I deserve, for I hope your intention is to pass the night here."

" The evening, at least, I intend to stay with you," said Trevelyan, " but I will stay all night with pleasure."

As they entered the house, " You have never" said Shirley, " seen above one or two rooms of the house, you shall see the whole of it. It will not take us long to look over it, for it is not sumptuous, but it is very comfortable."

" It is very comfortable indeed," said Trevelyan, as they walked over it,
" here

"here is every thing that a reasonable person can wish for."

"I think so," replied Shirley emphatically, with a half melancholy tone.

"But come," he added, assuming his wonted cheerfulness, "I know you will enjoy half an hour in the study before supper, you are not afraid of holding converse with the dead, and will like their company for that time."

As Trevelyan and Shirley were sitting after supper, they had not either of them spoken for a short time, when Trevelyan at last said, "Mordaunt will bring on himself endless mortifications by his intolerable pride, and it is well if he does not give much uneasiness

to

to his family. I do not mean to the old lady, for I think she has as much pride as her son, and if he only lets her have the use of a large house, with a carriage, and a good table, I do not believe she will care for any thing besides, he may manage her as he pleases." Trevelyan had been so much absorbed by his own reflections, that he made these remarks in a manner more like thinking aloud than talking. Shirley was too much interested in this subject to chuse to make any reply. After a few moments pause with a manner of more attention to what he was saying, Trevelyan added, "When do you expect Mr. Aston, Shirley?" "I wish he was here now."

"I hope

"I hope he will be down early in May, he promised if possible that he would be, when I left him."

"I am glad of it, with all my heart, we want him in our society very much, his presence always seems to have a happy effect on us all."

"His company always has, wherever he is," said Shirley, "no one can feel that more than I do, or wish more sincerely for his coming amongst us."

After this their conversation took a more general turn. The next morning when Trevelyan went away he shook Shirley heartily by the hand,
and

and said earnestly, "Do let us meet often, Shirley, in this friendly manner, and if at any time it should be in my power to do you any service, I would serve you with all my heart, I should really be happy to do it." Shirley at any time would have sensibly felt the kindness of Trevelyan, but he felt it doubly now, as every person of feeling probably would, as contrasted with the behaviour of Mordaunt.



Chapter

Chapter 6.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd
She gives in large recruits of needless pride."

Pope.

AT the beginning of May, when Shirley had been near three weeks in the country, he received a letter from Mr. Aston acquainting him with his having had a summons to Paris on particular business which obliged him to,

to go thither immediately, and that it was impossible for him to say how long he might be detained, but that as soon as it was practicable for him to return he should, and when once again in England, he would come down to Llangors without delay. He requested Shirley to acquaint the family at Glenmor with this intelligence, as he was too much taken up to write himself. This was an opportunity not to be lost by Shirley, and he set off for Glenmor directly. He was rather depressed by the news of Mr. Aston's not coming to him at present, but felt pleased, when he reached the Priory, by finding that Mordaunt was not at home. He was shown into the room, where only Mrs. Mordaunt and Sophia were

were sitting. The latter who considered him as a friend, was always pleased to see him, the former assumed a stateliness of manner, that she had not in general shown towards him. Seriously as Shirley was vexed at any thing that seemed to throw difficulties in his way, with respect to Caroline, he could hardly forbear laughing at the novelty of character, in which she now appeared to him. Till a recent hint she had had from her son, she had not any idea that Shirley could presume to think of marrying one of the Mordaunt family, and though she would have been glad to have had Caroline married out of the way of any farther interference with Sophia, for such she always considered the affair
of

of Sir William Belborough, yet she could not brook the idea of such a match as this.

When Shirley made known the reason of his coming over, Mrs. Mor-daunt seemed at a loss how to receive his information. The cue given her had been rather to consider Mr. Aston as not sufficiently attentive to the dignity of the family in not discouraging Shirley's pretensions to Caroline, and as she was not fond of his company on her own account, she felt pleased that his coming down was at least delayed if not quite put off. But decorum would not allow her to appear so, or to be quite silent on the subject. With a most unmeaning manner therefore she wondered

dered what could make it necessary for her brother to go to Paris, and how he could all his life have been so fond of leaving his native country, and living amongst people who were always reckoned enemies to it. Shirley did not think it necessary to reply to her wonder, for he could neither inform her what business Mr. Aston was going on, nor did he expect to gain any thing by combating the absurd idea of national enemies, with a woman of her rooted prejudices. He was therefore just about entering on some indifferent subject with her, when Caroline came into the room. He repeated to her the subject of his errand, which she heard with real concern from the conviction that her uncle's not coming down would most likely

likely prove of more than usual importance to her, as well as from the disappointment she experienced from the mere loss of his society.

The regret expressed, and as he saw felt, by Caroline on this occasion amply compensated to Shirley for the coldness of Mrs. Mordaunt and the silence of Sophia.

Caroline had not been long in the room before she perceived what Shirley had noticed before, the alteration in Mrs. Mordaunt's behaviour, and was at a loss to account for it till she recollected that one day lately as she came into the room where her mother and brother were sitting, as she opened the door, she

she heard the former exclaim, "Is it possible he can have the presumption to think of a Mordaunt." What she then suspected was now confirmed to her, that Shirley and herself had been the subjects of their conversation, and that Mrs. Mordaunt had been tutored by her son, to whom she was become an apt pupil. An endeavour was made by Caroline and Shirley, to keep up some conversation, but it went heavily on, for they were neither of them disengaged enough in mind to talk on general subjects with any pleasure, and Mrs. Mordaunt rarely put in a word, so much was she afraid that Shirley might construe it into giving him any encouragement in his attentions to Caroline.

Wearied

Wearied by the uncomfortable stile of his visit, and not perceiving any reason to hope that he should see Caroline without her mother and sister, Shirley rose to go away, which Mrs. Mordaunt suffered him to do without asking him to stay to dinner, which she always had done before, if Mordaunt happened not to be at home to do it himself. Sophia, surprised at Shirley's not being asked to dine with them, looked at her mother with astonishment. Mrs. Mordaunt, conscious of what excited her surprise, looked angrily at her; Sophia was awed, and looked down on the work which she held in her hand. This was not unnoticed by Shirley any more than the mortification Caroline evidently felt at the slight put on him.

He

He bowed with all proper form to Mrs. Mordaunt, with a more friendly manner to Sophia, and turning to Caroline he asked her if she would not favour him with some message to her uncle, to whom he should write the next day. "Tell him, if you please," said Caroline, with animation, "how much I am disappointed at his not coming into Wales now, and how sincerely I hope that this delay will not be of long continuance."

As soon as Shirley was gone, Caroline went up stairs again to her own dressing room, whither she was soon followed by Sophia, who was not less concerned than she had been surprised at seeing Shirley flighted. The mutual at-

tachment between him and Caroline had long been observed by her, and it was one of her earnest wishes to see them happy. Nor till now had she supposed that there would be any opposition to it from the family; for though Mordaunt had been sometimes, she thought, odd in his manner to Shirley, she had imputed that rather to the uncertainty of his temper, than to any decided disapprobation of the connection, which she was now convinced he had intended to shew. For she was so much used to see an implicit acquiescence in Mrs. Mordaunt to her son's will, that she was certain she would never have ventured to slight Shirley, if she had not known it would be agreeable to him. Sophia went up-stairs in considerable alarm, expecting

expecting to find Caroline in tears and great distress. She opened the door with some tremor, and was surprised to see her, though appearing very thoughtful, yet neither then in tears, or seeming to have been so. "I was afraid you might be ill," she said, with a hesitating voice. Caroline, who had observed her looks below, understood her meaning directly, and assuming a smile, whilst a tear started into her eye at the affectionate attention of Sophia, she said, "I am not the less pleased, or the less obliged to you for this attention, because it is founded on a mistake, but I am very well, my dear Sophia." It was indeed Sophia who seemed most to need attention. Caroline had resolution enough, much as she felt the behaviour

of her mother, and much as she knew she should have to go through both from her and Mordaunt, on Shirley's account, to bear it with composure. But when she saw Sophia thus overcome by the tender interest she took in their happiness, it was not without a considerable effort that she overcame the emotion excited by it, and endeavoured to compose her again. Having succeeded pretty well in this, she proposed to her to walk till dinner time. They went out, and were at some little distance from the house, when they heard the dinner bell ring. As they hastened home, Sophia could not resist saying while it was yet in her power to speak, "I wish Shirley had dined with us, it was quite inhospitable not to ask him," and

and then with a tear in her eye she added in a dejected voice, "we shall not have any society left, there is so much discouragement given to every body." When they went into the dinner room Mrs. Mordaunt said rather snappishly, "I did not know whether I was not to have been left to dine by myself." Sophia did not dare to make any reply, and Caroline thinking it better not to make any, a short silence ensued. And little afterwards occurred to break it, so much was Mrs. Mordaunt out of humour, Sophia overcome, and Caroline in general absorbed in reflection.

When Shirley left Glenmor, instead of going home he went to Wensford.

About a mile or two from thence he met Trevelyan on the road. "You are going to my house," he said, "I will either turn about and go home with you, or you shall turn about and go with me, I was going to Glenmor."

"I will not prevent your going," said Shirley, "but I cannot go with you."

"What can be the reason of that," said Trevelyan, "never mind Mor-daunt perhaps he will be in better temper to day."

"It is impossible for me to go with you," replied Shirley, "but do you
go

go on. I have been there this morning, and to say the truth, intended to dine there, but I was not asked to stay."

"What can be come to Mordaunt," said Trevelyan, "however I will positively go back with you, for I am not engaged there."

He turned about and they rode on together. "To do him justice," said Shirley, "it is not Mordaunt that has been uncivil to day, for he was not at home, but the old lady. I went over with a message from Mr. Aston, and was received by her with all possible stiffness, and not asked as I always have been hitherto to stay dinner."

“ Good God!” exclaimed Trevelyan, “ but you talked I think of a message from Mr. Aston, when does he come down.”

“ I am sorry to say that it is quite uncertain. He is obliged now to go to Paris on business.”

“ I am sorry for it too, I wish he was here.”

Trevelyan would not let Shirley leave him that day. As they were sitting in the evening the conversation fell accidentally on Montgomery. Shirley had never heard till then, many particulars relative to him and Sophia, that Trevelyan now told him, though as he remarked

marked, he knew but little himself, so reserved had Montgomery been to him. And that he was at a loss, what to impute his conduct to, for he could hardly suppose, as many people did, either that Mordaunt meant to discourage him by taking Sophia into Ireland, or that Montgomery could so understand it, after the evident encouragement given to him. But that he thought him to blame, if he was really attached as he appeared to be to Sophia, that he had not at once put an end to all possible misunderstanding, by avowing his attachment. It was due to her, he said in his opinion after the attentions he had shewn her, and her very apparent partiality to him, whatever he thought with respect to the sentiments of any others

of the family. From this, they got to a general discussion of the Mordaunt family, excepting that Caroline was not mentioned by either of them, in which they were very much agreed. The next morning before Shirley went home, Trevelyan told him, that he expected the Mordaunts to spend a day with him soon, of which he would give him notice, and that he would have him come and meet them.



Chapter

Chapter 7.

" Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind ;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust :
That wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice ?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice."

Cotton,



WHEN Shirley met the Mordaunts
at Wensford, the watchful jealousy of
Mordaunt and his mother would not
allow him an opportunity of speaking

to

to Caroline, excepting in general conversation. Trevelyan proposed a walk, to put an end if possible to this tyrannical restraint, but Mrs. Mordaunt felt herself rather lame and she must take hold of Caroline's arm. Shirley was however prepared for them. The delay in Mr. Aston's coming down, his late conversation with Trevelyan, and the uneasy situation in which he and Caroline now were, had determined him to adopt decisive measures at once, and take his chance for what might follow. Being thus determined, he bore all this with patience, and even put on more than his usual vivacity. He joined the old lady and Caroline, and talked in so lively and pleasant a manner, that even the former, with all
her

her ill-humour, could not resist talking with him and being pleased, till Mordaunt, who seemed afraid his auxiliary should be seduced from him, came up to keep her to her duty, and she then appeared to recollect that it was Shirley whom she had suffered to engage her in conversation. And to make amends for it, she took care to be sufficiently rude to him the rest of the day. In the evening just before they were going away, Mordaunt was called out to speak to somebody below; as he went out of the room, he turned to Mrs. Mordaunt and said, if they would get into the coach, he would be with them in a minute. As she was engaged in taking leave, Shirley took a letter out of his pocket and
presenting

presenting it to Caroline, requested she would do him the honour of reading it, and then handed her to the coach.

Though Caroline put the letter into her pocket directly, it was not unobserved by Mrs. Mordaunt, who sat considering all the way home how she should proceed in this affair. At one time she thought of speaking first to her son about it, but a fondness for meddling, and an idea that it would give her an important air with him, made her resolve to speak first to Caroline herself. As soon as they got home therefore, she desired her to come upstairs with her. Caroline went up, not in the least doubting what it was for. "Caroline," she said with a very
wife

wife look, "what was it that I saw Mr. Shirley give you just as we left Wensford."

"It was a letter, Madam."

"A letter, and pray who from?"

"I have not read it, Madam, and therefore I cannot tell. But by the manner in which he gave it to me, I imagine it to be from himself."

Mrs. Mordaunt was astonished at this assurance as she called it, in Caroline, and was rather puzzled, as she found she could not frighten her, how to proceed, when after a little pause, she said, "I think it highly proper, that

that either your brother or I should open it first, I desire you will give it to me."

"You must excuse me, Madam, but no one shall read it before I have read it myself. If I find it proper, afterwards, to shew it to you, I shall certainly do it."

"Insufferable insolence," exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt, "but I will see, Madam, if you will treat your brother in this manner, he shall know of it, I assure you." On saying this, she walked down stairs, and Caroline to her dressing room, where with considerable agitation and impatience, she opened and read Shirley's letter. After what
has

has been said, it cannot be necessary to give the contents of this letter to the reader, it is sufficient to say that it was what Caroline both wished and expected. But yet it threw her into some dilemma, on account of the opposition she knew she must encounter from her mother and brother. And she could not but more than ever regret, that her uncle was not with them. Being resolved not to do any thing relative to it that evening, and thinking it better therefore to keep out of the way of any farther questions, she sent word down, that she desired to be excused coming to supper, for she was then going to bed. A precaution she knew to be necessary to prevent any visits to her up-stairs.

When

When Mrs. Mordaunt went down, Mordaunt was engaged on business with the person who had called on him at Wensford, and who was to follow him home. He did not return into the parlour till supper was began. Mrs. Mordaunt sat in great perturbation, and soon after supper telling Sophia that she looked tired and persuading her to go to bed, she related to Mordaunt what had passed, and that she had no doubt that man, had had the presumption to make an offer to Caroline, who, instead of considering the consequence of the family as affronted by it, seemed to put on airs of assurance, as if it was something to be pleased with. Mordaunt had but little doubt that her conjecture was right, but thinking her likely to be
an

an unskilful manager in such a business, and liking the power in his own hands, it was after some discussion agreed that he should take it in hand the next morning.

Sophia went to her sister's room before she could think of going to bed, for she had immediately supposed Mrs. Mordaunt's conference was about Shirley, and that Caroline had been too much overcome by it to appear again. Caroline to calm the uneasiness which she saw Sophia in, on her account, told her that she had an important concern on her mind, that made her wish to be alone, and that she would tell her what it was the next day.

It cannot be supposed that with an attachment to Shirley formed on an intimate acquaintance with him, and knowing that there was not any objection founded in reason against the connection, Caroline should feel any hesitation about her answer to him, on a subject she had many times contemplated in her own mind. Her only solicitude was with respect to her own family. Though determined to resist their prejudices, it was a painful circumstance to have this resistance to go through, and she passed but a sleepless night in reflections on it. She wished and meant to treat them with respect, and was desirous, if possible, always to be on good terms with them, to maintain which, any concession within the bounds of reason, would have been cheerfully

cheerfully made by her. But if it came to the sacrifice of her present, and prospect of future, happiness, by giving up Shirley, it was a demand of that unreasonable, selfish kind, for the gratification of an unjustifiable pride, that she felt herself acquitted by the voice of nature and reason for not complying with. She went down to breakfast the next morning with a mind full of anxiety, but steady in its determination. The thoughts of the rest of the party were scarcely less engaged, and the breakfast time was with little exception a silent meeting. When it was over, just as Mordaunt was about desiring to speak with Caroline, she, to the great surprise both of him and her mother, desired to speak with the latter. Mrs. Mordaunt, having

having received an assenting look from Mordaunt, he and Sophia left the room.

After she had spoken to her mother, Caroline had risen and gone towards the window, when she found they were left to themselves, she came and sat down again. It was a moment of severe pain to her. She saw impatience strongly marked in the countenance of Mrs. Mordaunt, and being unwilling to keep her any longer in suspense, and not having any thing to hope from delay, at once taking Shirley's letter out of her pocket, she said, "My conjecture was right, Madam, this letter is from Mr. Shirley himself. It is on a subject the most interesting of all others to my happiness, and as such, I hope very interesting

ing

ing to you, which makes me desirous of your seeing it before I send my answer, as your concurrence in it cannot but be highly satisfactory to us both.

Mrs. Mordaunt's countenance had undergone various changes as Caroline spoke, she was once or twice very near interrupting her, but with some difficulty refrained from speaking, and taking the letter from her with an uncomplacent twitch opened and read it. During this time the variations in her countenance did not lessen or become more soothing. When she had read the letter, she threw it upon the table and burst into a violent invective against Shirley, wished heartily that her brother had never introduced any of his
upstart

upstart companions there, and concluded with telling Caroline, that if she was mean enough to think of marrying such a man, she did not know that she should ever speak to her again. When Mrs. Mordaunt stopped, Caroline gave her a few moments to compose in, and then in a very proper manner desired her to mention particularly what she thought exceptionable in Shirley, that could make the connection improper. Mrs. Mordaunt replied to her in many words, and with much violence, but the substance of all that she had to alledge against him was that his fortune was small, and that he was not a man of family.

Caroline, in reply, said she flattered herself, that when her mother came seriously

riously to reflect on the objections she had urged, she would not think them of any importance when put in competition with her happiness. That his fortune was such as would enable them, with the addition of her own, to live in a manner equal to what she had ever desired, and that family, when seriously considered, was so entirely nugatory, that she could not suppose she would any longer insist on it as an objection, as it was conduct, not family, that could either disgrace or claim respect in any person. To this Mrs. Mordaunt only replied in farther invective without any thing like argument, and concluded with a peremptory refusal of her consent to the match, without which she reminded Caroline that it could not

take place till she was of age, of which she yet wanted some months. To this declaration of the intended exertion of a power, given her by law, not reason, Caroline replied with a consciousness of tyrannical treatment, that awakened in her the energy of dignified, not passionate resistance. She felt as those

“Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain.”

Jones.

“Your power of retarding our marriage, Madam,” she said, “I cannot dispute, and if you are determined on the exertion of it, I shall not attempt to counteract it by any clandestine means. But I think it proper both
with

with respect to you and myself to say that it will not put an end to the connection. Had any reasonable objections occurred to me, or been urged by you, I should certainly have paid attention to them. But I cannot consent to barter my happiness for ideal objections. And I must yet hope that a little farther consideration will induce you to view them in that light also."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt in an angry voice, "but as you set me at defiance in this manner, Madam, I shall call in your brother, and see if your proud spirit will not come down to him." As she finished speaking, she left the room, and returned in some minutes with Mordaunt. "There," she

G 2

said,

said, "now you must try whether you can manage her, she is too great to be managed by her mother."

"If you suppose, Madam," said Caroline, "that I am more disposed to yield implicit obedience to my brother than to yourself, you are mistaken. If either my inclination or reason, would permit me to yield it to any body, I should certainly rather do it to you, than any one else. I do not mean by this, that I am unwilling to hear what my brother has to say."

Mordaunt then began, but more in a wheedling than angry manner, to say pretty much what Mrs. Mordaunt had said before, to which Caroline replied
much

much as she had done to her. As the conversation went on, in which Mrs. Mordaunt now took very little share, and Mordaunt found he could not manage Caroline, he became angry, and it concluded with his heartily approving Mrs. Mordaunt's determination, which she had repeated, of refusing her consent to the match, and his threatening to forbid Shirley the house. Nor did he omit some sharp reflections on Mr. Aston, both for introducing Shirley to them, and for infusing such a self-sufficient spirit, as he called it, into Caroline, which he said would lead her headlong into bringing disgrace on them all, by connecting herself with a man of no consequence either in fortune or family. As Mordaunt was concluding his philippic,

lippic, Mrs. Mordaunt was called out of the room. Caroline left it at the same time, and went to her dressing-room, where she sat for some time absorbed in reflection, but was at last roused from it by the entrance of Sophia. Caroline recollected her promise to Sophia, and first giving her Shirley's letter to read, then told her all that had passed that morning. Sophia was quite overcome, and, after saying with a sigh, "you are not more fortunate than I have been, can it be decreed that we are neither of us to be happy," she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. When she had a little recovered again, she asked Caroline if she was never to be allowed to see Shirley again, and how she thought they

they could either of them survive a separation. And when Caroline told her her intention of not giving him up, but of marrying him after she was of age, Sophia was scarcely less surprised and terrified than she had been before concerned. She looked at her with astonishment, and when Caroline explained to her the principles and the right on which she acted, Sophia seemed quite bewildered. She had scarcely an idea consonant to those that she now heard from Caroline. And though she thought too highly of Caroline to believe her wrong, she could not make out how she could be right. So well had she been schooled in the doctrine of submission to parental and fraternal authority, that the just privilege of thinking and acting

for herself like a reasonable being, had never appeared to her, to belong to her.

When Caroline had thoroughly considered over the affair in question under every point of view, she sat down to write to Shirley, which she did with all the rational simplicity that was so conspicuous in her character. She ingenuously told him what had passed, and what she had resolved on, and left it to him to decide, whether he should attempt coming at present to Glenmor, or not.

Chapter

Chapter 8.

“For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.”

Shakespeare.

THE unexpectedness of being once more at Glenmor, the tranquillity of the place, and the delight with which she retraced every step she had ever taken with Montgomery, for a short time gave

a delusive happiness to Sophia. But the effect of this, like all other intoxications, was of that pernicious kind, that left her afterwards still more a prey to her former dejection. The novelty that absence had given to this ideal pleasure wore off, and she only wandered over these plates to shed tears at the remembrance of happiness once enjoyed, and to nurture fallacious hopes of the return of Montgomery, founded only on the circumstance of her having lived to return to Glenmor herself, which she dwelt on as a presage of his return, and of their being at last happy. This was her only pleasure, but it was a pleasure that poisoned, for it exposed her to all the bitterness of disappointment, whenever Trevelyan heard from Montgomery,

mery; which he did at times, but still in the same unsatisfactory manner as at first, and without ever saying where he might be written to, or ever hinting at his return. Yet after the first pangs of disappointment were over, Sophia always found some excuse to herself for still indulging the same hopes, till a fresh letter again cut them off. Thus with hydra-like vigor, they were renewed but to be cut off, and cut off but to be renewed.

Her constitution was naturally delicate, and this state of spirits severely affected it. Her health declined perceptibly, not only to the watchful tenderness of Caroline, but also to Mor-daunt, who had always been attentive

to her, but was more particularly so, since the distressing circumstances in which she had been involved for many months past. He began to be seriously alarmed about her, and thought it necessary to rouse Mrs. Mordaunt to a sense of her declining state to which she seemed unaccountably insensible. It appeared to him absolutely necessary to adopt some plan for the restoration of her health, and change of air had the two-fold recommendation to him of probable benefit to her, and of taking Caroline out of the way of Shirley. Not that he had much hope of effecting any estrangement of her affections from Shirley, but that he might not leave any thing undone that gave what he thought a chance of it. A journey into
Ireland

Ireland once occurred to him, but that on consideration from the unpleasant incidents that had followed their last journey thither, was likely, he imagined, to injure more than to benefit Sophia. His decision was at last made for a sea excursion to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, by which his two objects would be most effectually answered. The sea air being the most likely thing to benefit Sophia, and the novelty of the scene to amuse her, the grand fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel being then at Portsmouth. And the uncertainty that must always attend a sea expedition, guarding more effectually against Shirley's following them, if he was so disposed, than he could have done by an inland tour.

Caroline,

Caroline, when she had sent her answer to Shirley, told her mother and brother that she had done so, and what was the purport of it. Mrs. Mordaunt gave her some severe reproaches on it. Mordaunt received the information with sullen silence.

The joy that Shirley felt on receiving the letter, was damped by the reflection of what Caroline had gone through in the altercation on the subject of it, which she mentioned, and was still likely to endure. He felt himself too injured, by the opposition made to their union, when the only objections urged against him were such as could only affect her, and if she had not thought them such, he did not consider

sider any body else as having a right to insist on them. To point them out, lest they might have escaped the attention of Caroline, he felt to be proper, though with respect to fortune it was unnecessary, as he had been very explicit on that subject himself. But to quarrel with her for having bounds to her demands on that head, and preferring the man she loved with a small fortune to the splendour of rank and large fortune, was to him the grossest injustice. He had once half a mind to be angry with himself for having made any offer to her, but that was soon done away, when he weighed in his mind against it the various inducements and reflections with which the reader is already acquainted, that had at various times

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times

times prompted him not to give up the object so essential to his happiness.

He was perplexed what to do about going to Glenmor, but at last determined, that till Mordaunt chose absolutely to quarrel with him, it was proper to go, as his omitting it might seem a disrespect to the whole family. And there are few who will not suppose that he had other inducements as well as respect, that made him wish to visit there. He accordingly went over, and enquiring first for Caroline, was shown into a vacant parlour, and she was called down to him. After they had spent some time together, Caroline sent word of his being there to the rest of the family. Sophia was in the room in
a moment,

a moment, and gave way without restraint, as there was only them in the room, to the pleasure she felt on seeing him there as the avowed lover of Caroline, and earnestly expressed how happy she should be to call him brother.

Mrs. Mordaunt, on hearing that Shirley was in the house, went directly to Mordaunt to know what was to be done. He was then in debate with himself on that very point, and at last determining that he would not hazard his character as a gentleman by turning him out of the house, or quarrelling with him there, when it was utterly improbable that Shirley should give him any justifiable provocation for it, he

he thought it safest not to see him, lest his resentment should get the better of his resolution. He therefore sent word that he must beg to be excused waiting on Shirley. And Mrs. Mordaunt, like his echo, sent in the same message.

" This was enough for Shirley; he felt directly whose house he was in, and that it was time he should leave it. How Caroline and he parted with each other, under circumstances that made their future meetings quite uncertain, may be easily supposed. Though it was not with childish whinings, it was with the feelings of those who sincerely love. Their neighbouring situations, however, gave them a prospect of occasional

sional meetings, though they did not expect to meet any more under that roof.

When Shirley was gone, Sophia and Caroline went out of the house, and walked for some time in silence, till Caroline, unwilling that Sophia should encrease her own uneasiness by feeling any for her, assumed a cheerfulness of manner, and began talking with her, and turning towards a school under their patronage went thither, and in hopes of diverting her melancholy, they spent the rest of the morning in the examination of their numerous scholars, who were here taught to be useful members of society. After dinner, Mordaunt put the copy of a letter, which
he

he said he had sent to Shirley, into Caroline's hand, and desired her to read it. The letter was as follows:

Sir,

Perhaps I had no reason to be surprised at hearing of you at my house, this morning, though I must own I felt some, encouraged as you are by my youngest sister, and having only through her had any intimation of my entire disapprobation of the connection you have proposed to her. But I must now desire you will understand, that if she can forget what is due to her family, I shall not, and that I must insist on your visit this morning, being your last visit at Glenmor Priory.

I am,

I am empowered by Mrs. Mordaunt to add, that she disapproves of the connection, as much as I do, and never will give her consent to it.

I am, Sir, your obedient,

humble servant,

Charles Aston Mordaunt.

When Caroline had read the letter, she gave it back into Mordaunt's hand and said, "I have not any thing to say against your chusing who you will admit into your own house. But as I do not mean to act under any disguise in this affair, I wish you to know, that I shall certainly take advantage of such opportunities of seeing Mr. Shirley, as are consistent with the respect and delicacy

delicacy that every woman owes to herself."

"Good God!" said Mordaunt, "you are provoking beyond all bearing."

"Yes," added Mrs. Mordaunt, "one had need have the patience of ten Jobs to put up with your insolence."

From this time, Shirley's name was not mentioned by them, though Mrs. Mordaunt would often by allusion give Caroline to understand, that she constantly bore in mind the circumstances of the affair.

Shirley was not surprised when he received Mordaunt's letter, as he expected,

pected, after his refusing to see him, something of the kind. His answer to it was as follows :

Sir,

Happy and highly favored as I am in the good opinion and affections of your youngest sister, it would have added much to the *mutual* happiness, as she indulgently allows me to call it, of *our* prospect, had we been so fortunate as to have had Mrs. Mordaunt's and your approbation of our proposed union. Under the less fortunate circumstances in which we now are, I shall certainly attend to your injunction, but at the same time I must add, that I shall not relinquish any other opportunities,

opportunities, I may be so happy as to have, of meeting the lady in question.

George Morgan Shirley.

Caroline and Shirley had met occasionally after the exchange of these letters, sometimes when visiting in the neighbourhood, and sometimes when walking in the environs of their respective situations. And some weeks had passed in this manner, when Mordaunt, as already related, resolved to check their casual intercourse, by taking Caroline out of the country for some time.

Chapter

Chapter 9.

“To watch the stars that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her am’rous strain;
No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.”


Jones.

CAROLINE had written her uncle an account of her engagement with Shirley, and of the late transactions at Glenmor; and a few days before they set out on their little voyage, she received the following letter from him.

VOL. II.

H

Mip

PARIS, June, 1778.

My dear Child,

Concerned as I am that the prejudices of your relations have put you to the painful necessity of the exertions you describe, I see you with a pleasure I can but ill express, justify the opinion I have always had of you, of your having sufficient courage to combat prejudices wherever found, and to make the genuine impulses of nature, sanctioned by the voice of reason, your only rule of conduct. Adhere to them, my dear child, with the same ingenuousness of conduct and steadiness of resolution, unmixed with virulence, or any kind of intemperate passion, that

you

you have hitherto shown, and may you and Shirley, both of whom I love and value most highly, live long to enjoy the happiness that the union of hearts and minds, like yours and his, must ensure. I know it will be thought that I might obviate one of the principal objections to the match, by making such an addition to your fortune, as should enable you to live in a manner answerable to the proud wishes of those who object to it. I do not speak as supposing that you and Shirley have ever had such an idea. It is true I might do so, speaking in the common language of the world. But as I have never made the sentiments of this tremendous world my rule of action, I am so far from any intention of doing this, that

it is utterly incompatible with my principles. You and Shirley have enough for any reasonable people, which happily you both are, as your united fortunes must be between seven and eight hundred pounds a year. By adding a number of superfluities to you, I should lessen my own power of relieving the real wants of numbers, and thus deprive myself of the only means I have, of softening the ruggedness of the present unequal division of property and labour, which I consider as the duty of every individual, who has a fortune beyond his or her reasonable wants. I should not have said so much on this subject, as it is unnecessary to you, but that I desire, which you perhaps would not otherwise do, that you will show
this

this letter to my sister and nephew. I think it is possible they may have the idea I have mentioned, and as it has never been my practice to shrink from my principles, I wish them to know why any such expectation is not answered. Should my expressions respecting them appear harsh, I have only to say that I think them incurred by their conduct. And that whilst they will have many advocates in the world of custom and fashion, it is but just they should see, that you have one, in the less frequented path which you have the virtuous courage to tread. I cannot say when I return.

Henry Aston.

In compliance with Mr. Aston's request, Caroline gave this letter to Mrs. Mordaunt to read. She coloured and looked very angry at the first part, and extremely foolish at that part where he desired she might see the letter, and muttered to herself strange, absurd, ridiculous, but did not say any thing when she had finished, excepting as she gave the letter to Mordaunt, "There, your uncle is so obliging as to desire you may see this as well as myself." Mordaunt read the letter without any apparent emotion, but observed as he returned it to Caroline, that it was no wonder Mr. Aston should defend the misconduct that he had been the author of. That it was a pity he had ever been entrusted with the management of
Caroline.

Caroline. That his whole fortune could never have made amends for the mischief he had done, and that at last it appeared he had rather scatter it to the winds, than that any of his own family should have it, even the darling of his own forming, who had proved such an apt scholar. Caroline, not chusing to enter into an argument with Mordaunt, which she knew would not be to any purpose, did not take any notice of this harangue.

The day before that fixed for their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn out of Radnorshire, and Trevelyan, who were all to join their party, came to Glenmor. Their company was a very seasonable relief to Caroline, who had

not only to put up with much uncomfortable behaviour from her mother and brother, which would be of course now more restrained, but she hoped also it would amuse Sophia, who occupied so much of her attention. Mrs. Mordaunt, it is true, had now taken alarm about Sophia in as great a degree, as she had been before insensible to her situation, and devoted much attention to her. But it was of a busy obtrusive kind, which made the unobtruding sympathetic attention of Caroline, the more necessary to her.

Caroline had appointed to walk and meet Shirley the evening before they set off, and had then an opportunity of showing him Mr. Aston's letter, which
was

was highly satisfactory to them both. Caroline did not know how long she should be absent, but it was agreed between them, that they should correspond, but that Shirley should not make any attempt at meeting her any where, uncertain as their landings must of course be.

The next morning the whole party set off for Milford Haven, where they were to embark. Sophia set out on this expedition without reluctance, from the recollection that Montgomery had gone to Brest in his way into France. And if he should return that way, and be now on his return, they might possibly meet him she flattered herself at Portsmouth. But if this should not happen,

and he should in their absence return by any other route, as Trevelyan was with them, she knew she should have immediate information of it.

They went first to the Isle of Wight, with which the whole party were so much pleased, that Mordaunt, who wished to lengthen out their absence as much as possible, proposed their taking lodgings and staying some weeks, which was not opposed by any body. Sophia, having attached the idea of Montgomery to Portsmouth, felt the most earnest wish to go thither, but not daring to express this from the consciousness of what her motive was, and a timidity that made her fear every body else would find it out if she betrayed

trayed any impatience to go, made her cautiously conceal it from all but Caroline, to whom she often named it without expressly telling her the reason for it. Every day she imaged to herself Montgomery landing at Portsmouth, and felt all the misery of the idea, that they were within a few miles of each other, and yet were not to meet. Caroline, who did not doubt that Sophia had some motive more than common curiosity, for wishing to go to Portsmouth, and saw the anxiety to go prey on her perpetually, two or three times mentioned going thither, but Mordaunt still put it off, supposing that Caroline's wish to go arose from her having appointed letters, at least, to meet

meet her there from Shirley, if not Shirley himself.

At last, after about a fortnight, they took boat one morning for Portsmouth. Sophia was really animated, which was imputed by all of the company, but Caroline, to the benefit she had derived from sea air, she saw deeper, and feared this flash would end in proportionate dejection. When they landed they went to an inn near the harbour, and were shewn into a room that overlooked it. Sophia almost sprung to the window, and every boat that came into the harbour, she watched with eagle eye, but they brought no Montgomery to her sight. It then occurred

to

to her that he might have landed before them, and that she was more likely to see him in the town. She went out with the rest to walk about the town and the docks, she saw him not, though sometimes she fancied a distant figure like him, but a nearer view undeceived and disappointed her. They returned to the inn, and every moment that it was possible she was at the window again, but watched as before in vain, and she left Portsmouth with spirits as low, as they had been high on coming to it.

Chapter 10.

"What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.
Still shall each returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live,"

Percy's Old Ball adg.



AFTER an absence of two months,
the Mordaunt family and their com-
panions returned again to Glenmor,
without any particular incidents ha-
ving

ving occurred to them during their excursion. Sophia had experienced, from the indulgence of the same romantic idea respecting Montgomery, frequent disappointments, similar to that, on her first visit to Portsmouth, till within a fortnight of their return, when Trevelyan received a letter from him in which he expressed himself thus: "I have so little of a fixed plan in my travels, that it is not in my power now, any more than in my former letters to tell you where I shall be at any one time. All I can say is, that the period of my return into England is probably very remote." The effect of this passage on Sophia, may be easily imagined, it was like a stab, given to one dying of slow poison. It sunk deep

deep into her mind, and the impression it made, was increased, by the circumstance of a letter coming by the same post to Caroline, from Mr. Aston, not only with an account of his being in England, but at Llangors. It was not that Sophia repined at what gave pleasure, and seemed to promise still farther good consequences to others, particularly to Caroline, but that it appeared to her, as if she was marked out as the one of the family, doomed to be the victim of misfortune. It was in this state of spirits, by which, if she had derived any benefit from change of air, it was entirely done away before her return, that she came back to Glenmor. Nor was she roused to any change,

change, either for the better or worse, by coming thither again.

It was now the end of August, and Caroline was within a month of being of age. A circumstance that had not escaped the recollection of any of the family, though thought on with very different sensations by them all. Caroline, though not to be shaken in a resolution founded as her's was, in reason and justice, felt a weight of anxiety on her mind as to the situation in which she was placed with respect to her family, by that family itself. She had the consolation of knowing that Mr. Aston was near to be her counsellor and protector, but thought it very probable that in being so, an open rupture might ensue between

between him and his sister, and with Mordaunt also.

Mr. Aston knew the day on which they were expected, and sent over in the evening to know whether they were come, and came the next morning himself. His reception from his sister and Mordaunt was formal, but tolerably civil, and the company being present, not any thing material passed. He had walked over to the priory, and desired Caroline to walk part of the way back with him. They were soon joined by Shirley. As they parted with Caroline, at the end of one of the plantations, Mr. Aston told her he should be over again the day but one after, when he understood Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn would be
gone

gone home. On the day appointed, Mr. Aston came to Glenmor, and had separate conversations both with his sister and nephew, which did not leave either of them in a pleasant temper.

The time passed on without any alteration taking place in the behaviour of the family. Caroline was still the object, as she had been for some time, in some instances of neglect, in others, too much of their notice, as it was generally to endure remarks and oblique hints, dictated by pride and ill temper, that she could not but know were aimed at her. Sophia, indeed, never joined in this behaviour to Caroline, but she was too much absorbed by her own misfortunes and too timid in general to do
more

more than lament in silence the unpleasant situation in which Caroline was placed. Indeed, so far was she from being any relief to her, that to support the spirits of Sophia, was one of Caroline's great anxieties. It was in this manner, which could not but wear her spirits, that things continued till the day on which Caroline came of age. Mr. Aston had been over occasionally at the Priory during this time, and on that day he came over, not from inclination only, but to discharge with Mordaunt their duty as the trustees of Caroline, who was then to come into possession of her fortune. Mr. Aston had some conversation afterwards with Mordaunt about Caroline and Shirley to the same effect as before, and then returned to Llangors.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the severity of Mordaunt's manner to Caroline, he had not been quite without occasional sensations of remorse about her, when he reflected on the situation that disappointment and consequent uneasiness had brought Sophia into. But he had generally got rid of them again, by thinking it too soon to give up, and more than all, but that was a reason that operated unacknowledged by himself, by the pride of not liking to yield. Though he had been warm in debate with Mr. Aston, the recurrence of this reflection had made him part with him calmly, and consider over after he was gone what had passed. The right of Caroline to chuse for herself he knew it was in vain any longer to controvert,

as

as it was now recognised, not only in the wild theory, as he always called it, of speculatists, but by the law of the land. Their absolute authority, for Mrs. Mordaunt's he knew was his, was at an end from this day, and Mr. Aston, ready to countenance her in the exercise of the power she now had over herself. Should they then yield and make the best of what they could not prevent? was the question Mordaunt put to himself. He ran over on one side, want of family and fortune, living so near him, in so inconsiderable, or as it might be called, no stile at all, and the personal disrespect he considered himself as having received from Shirley by his perseverance in his suit, after his positive disapprobation of it.

Mordaunt

Mordaunt had flushed as he recounted to himself these objections, got up and taken two or three stately turns about the room, he sat down again, threw himself back in his chair, and biting his thumb, began to think over the other side of the question. As the reader has already seen, one of the first things that had operated on him was not being able to prevent the match, and on this he dwelt most. Then to apologize to himself and the world for acquiescing in it, he allowed there was something in Shirley's father having been a clergyman, and himself in the army, two professions that professedly made gentlemen of every body, and might rather silence the scrutiny into family. The living under his very nose, as he called

called it to himself, in so different a manner to the rest of the family, was the most difficult to get over. Had it been two or three hundred miles off he could have borne it better. For the personal disrespect to him, it might indeed be urged, that encouraged as he was by Caroline, and justly eager, as he must be supposed to be, for an alliance with such a family, there was some excuse to be made for him. His character, it was true, he could not impeach, though his ideas were singular and unlike the world in general, but so were Caroline's, and perhaps after all, with her strange education, he might be thankful she had not disgraced herself and them more. He wished Shirley had not quitted the army, wished Caroline

Robine had never seen him, wondered what she could see in him to like, though he had indeed once thought him agreeable, and at last reverting to his first idea that he had not any power over her, he thought he would make one effort to acquire some, by assuming the tone of a friend, and if that would not do, give up, and gloss over as well as he could the wound to the family dignity. Having thus made excuses to himself in case he adopted a change of conduct, and even gratified his pride by some of them, he sent to Caroline, to say he should be obliged to her to come to him for half an hour.

Caroline, though she disliked, was not afraid of contest, as she was con-

scious of the goodness of her cause, and therefore, though not doubting she was summoned to one, immediately complied. Mordaunt was all complacence, he wished to talk with her as a friend, he had not forgotten that she was her own mistress, but he did not doubt that her candour and good sense, would not only indulge him with a patient hearing, but also with a cool deliberation on what he said. Caroline only bowed her head, and Mordaunt proceeded to set forth in plausible terms, what he thought objections to her marriage with Shirley, worthy her consideration, though he did not pretend to interfere with what must be at her own option, and what she had a judgment so capable of deciding on for herself. Caroline's spirits had been
pretty

pretty well worn down, as has been noticed, for some time, and the kind of humbled manner of Mordaunt, so different from what she expected, though she saw his aim was to try what he could do to her, had such an effect on her, that she laid her head upon the table and hiding her face with her hands, burst into an unrestrained flood of tears. Mordaunt felt during this time, as he had never felt before; Caroline was drawn nearer to his heart than she had been for a long time. He took one of her hands, which had fallen upon the table, and pressed it with affection, his feelings were even so much awakened that he felt half afraid, though half wishing it, that she was about to yield to him.

When Caroline had a little recovered, she raised her head from the table, and looking at Mordaunt with an expression of affection that would have softened a statue, she said, "Brother, I love you, and I am convinced you love me, then do not let the prejudices of the world estrange us any longer. I will not dwell now on general points on which we differ, but will confine myself to the present topic. Consider for a moment that I love Shirley with the tenderest, the sincerest affection." Mordaunt dropped the hand he had 'till then held in his. Caroline was conscious of it, but she went on. "He loves me as sincerely, our dispositions are such as promise us happiness together, our fortunes are answerable to all our wishes, and his conduct

duct is such as will do credit to any connections he may form. A moment's reflection will convince you how utterly insignificant the objections you have urged, are, to a man with such recommendations, nay more, I must say, so unexceptionable as Shirley. I do not pretend to say he is faultless, we are not any of us so, but he has a thousand noble qualities to counterbalance any failings he has. We are formed to make each other happy, and dear Charles," she added, catching hold of Mordaunt's hand, and by an affectionate pressure appealing to his heart, "do make our happiness complete by the enjoyment of your friendship."

Mordaunt felt he scarcely knew how, he put his hand to each eye as if afraid that a tear was starting. She had called him in the earnestness of her manner, by a name, that had long been laid aside amongst them, for the more dignified appellation of brother, or Mr. Mordaunt, and it had awakened dormant sensations in him. He drew his hand away as if he dare not trust it with her any longer. He got up, and resting his elbow upon the window frame, leaned his head upon his hand. His mind was as if balanced upon a point, and that a grain of chaff might turn it either way. At this moment the old steward came into the room to ask leave, in the name of all the servants, to have a merry making for their
dear

dear Miss Caroline's birth-day, for it was a happy day to them all, and they wished to shew their joy. It had been always usual at Glenmor to order a merry making for the servants on such occasions. It had been neglected by Mordaunt this day. The neglect struck him, "Yes, by all means have one," he said, "it shall be a happy day to us all," and as the old man shut the door, he took Caroline by the hand, and giving her an affectionate kiss, "if my friendship," he said, "can add to your happiness, you may depend on it. Let me stand in the place of a father to you on this occasion." Caroline's heart was too full to speak, but she made a silent acknowledgment of what she felt. After a short pause Mordaunt, first overcoming some emotion, added,

"there are two friends of yours who must celebrate this day with us. It will be proper for me to write to them." Caroline left him, and he sat down to write. It was not without some effort that he did this, but he wrote both to Mr. Aston and Shirley in a very proper manner.

The day was too far spent in these previous transactions, for Mr. Aston and Shirley to be over before the evening. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the pleasure this general accommodation gave to both of them. And scarcely less to Trevelyan, who happened to be then with them, and who had always been kindly interested in their happiness. He went with them to Glenmor to partake of the general pleasure of the day. Mor-

daunt,

däunt, as he received Shirley, felt rather awkwardly, but had command enough of himself to betray little or nothing of it, and Shirley was not apt at any time, particularly at this, to notice trifles. Mrs. Mordaunt had been informed by her son of what had passed, and had put on her good behaviour accordingly, first to Caroline, and when they came, to Mr. Aston and Shirley.

Caroline, when she left Mordaunt went directly to Sophia, who sincerely shared in her happiness, though she could not suppress a deep sigh, as she irresistibly thought of Montgomery. Her reception of Shirley was with unaffected pleasure, and he found himself not only happy

from being with Caroline, but easy and comfortable amongst them all.

Shirley's being at the Priory on this day, gave a general relish to the merry making in the family, as it was considered by all of them, as a prelude to the union of Shirley and Caroline, who were universally beloved by every servant in the house.

On Sophia's account, Caroline at first hesitated about her marriage taking place immediately. But the eagerness expressed for it by Sophia, and the satisfaction she seemed to promise herself in spending much of her time with her and Shirley, where, as she often said to Caroline, she
should

should be quiet and more consoled under her misfortunes than any where else, had decided the question, and in November, Shirley and Caroline were married. Mr. Aston stayed to see his dear child the wife of his friend, and then went to London. The Mordaunts, at the earnest entreaty of Sophia, determined to spend the winter in the country.



Chapter

Chapter II.

“A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress : for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.”

Thomson.

IT has already appeared that when
 Montgomery left Wensford, he went to
 Holy Head, and from thence to Dublin.
 He was there only two days before a
 vessel

vessel sailed for Brest, on board of which he went. From Brest he travelled by Rennes, Mayenne, and Chartres, to Paris. Here he became accidentally acquainted with a young English Nobleman, and his Tutor, who were setting out on the grand tour. With them he went the round of the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, Versailles, Saint Germain, and many fine seats in the neighbourhood of Paris. Traversed the convents and churches. Frequented the theatres, and some of the fashionable circles of the highest ton. But with very different motives and effects from his companions. Montgomery wanted to get rid of a thousand painful reflections that pressed perpetually on his feelings, and rushed

rushed headlong into a constant round of engagements, with the same impetuosity of despair, in which many unfortunate beings have often hurried themselves out of existence. The effect was only an increase of chagrin, ennui, and melancholy. From company and public places, he returned disgusted, from a succession of fine houses and grounds, uninterested, and from the gloom of convents and churches, absorbed within himself.

Lord — only anxious to acquire the reputation of a travelled man when he returned into England, and the character of a fine gentleman abroad, ran from place to place to get a smattering
of

of every thing, and drank, gamed, and intrigued, to show himself a man of fashion.

The Tutor's view in every thing he saw, was to take memorandums of the length, breadth, and height of buildings, of the subject of pictures, with the names of the painters, and all the particulars of every object of note, that might be necessary to fill up any deficiencies in the journal of his pupil, or rather to make one for him, that the old Lord might be satisfied of the beneficial effect of his son's travels. At the same time, he connived at his pupil's irregularities, that his interest with him might be secure, in case the most valuable family

family living should not become vacant during the life of the father.

It is not to be wondered at, that Montgomery and his companions, did not seem at all inclined to continue their travels together, they considered him as a dull melancholy soul, and he thought them dissipated and contemptible.

Montgomery renewed his journey with his servant only. He went down the Seine to Troyes, and from thence by Langres and Besancon, to Laufanne. He made some stay there, but though there were many English in the place, with some of whom he made an acquaintance, he associated but little with them.

them. The situation of the place, even though it was winter, delighted him, and he loved best to ramble about the country by himself. His next stay was at Vevai, which from its vicinity to Clarens and Meillerie, was a scene of enchantment to him. He went sometimes to spend the day in wandering about the rocks of Meillerie, indulging like Saint Preux, in an intoxicating kind of contemplation. Nor was the Louisa of the one, less dear, than the Julie of the other. He traversed the village of Clarens, and pictured to himself the habitation of Julie, and the spot where the arbour stood, in which Saint Preux impressed on her yielding lips, "the first kiss of love." Here he has often stood,

flood, as if fixed to the place, with his eyes staring on vacancy, and lost in thought, then suddenly starting, would hurry away with precipitation.

One morning, as he was thus abruptly leaving the place, he turned into a little valley, in which he had not gone many paces, before he met an old man of venerable aspect, and with him, a woman past the bloom of youth, but in the maturity of the most exquisite beauty, both of face and form, doubly interesting to Montgomery, from a pensive expression of countenance, that reminded him of Miss Mordaunt. He stopped involuntarily and fixed his eyes on her. She perceived it, and surprised at the emotion he betrayed,
it

it awakened in her cheeks a tint of the finest vermillion. This increased the emotion of Montgomery. It was not that their faces were alike, for the beauty of this young woman exceeded Miss Mordaunt's, and her countenance, at least to an impartial observer, had more interesting character in it, but thus had he often seen a rising blush give additional charms to Sophia, or Louisa rather, for by that name he always thought of her, as she had been surprised into observing him, with his eyes attentively fixed on her. He looked about him, as if to recollect where he was, and seeing the place that he had pictured to himself as the habitation of Julie, he exclaimed, almost out of breath,

breath, with astonishment, "it must be Julie herself."

These inhabitants of the valley, for such they were, could not but feel some astonishment at the behaviour of Montgomery, though the name of Julie, which he had uttered, and the circumstance of the place in which they were, seemed in some degree to account for it. For they concluded him to be an enthusiastic admirer of the Nouvelle Heloise, who in this famous spot, was carried out of himself into the regions of romance. The old man accosted him, "You seem a stranger here, Sir," he said. Montgomery replied, "To this valley I am an entire stranger, though

though I have been several times in the village."

"You have been some time in the country, then."

"No, not long." From this, they fell into farther conversation, and Montgomey, at the invitation of the old man, went with him and the young woman to a pretty little cottage, where they lived, with the situation of which, he was delighted, notwithstanding the season of the year had robbed it of half its beauties. There was an appearance of romance in every thing he saw there, that fascinated him. He had not seen any thing before, since he

he left Wales, that could interest him; here he seemed to have met with kindred souls. His admiration of Antonia, for so the young woman was called, was of the same kind as he would have paid to an angel, could such a being be supposed to appear upon earth, and her manner, no less than her beauty, tended to excite a sublime kind of admiration. It was that of natural, not assumed dignity, blended with superiority of understanding, and the most unaffected gentleness, over all of which, some peculiarity of circumstance, had thrown a contemplative cast, almost bordering on melancholy composure. The old man whose name was Montefson had an ingenuous countenance, and his

his heart seemed to glow with philanthropy. He was easy in his manner and pleasing in conversation.

Montgomery did not leave them till it was growing dusk, and then promised to renew his visit very soon. He faithfully kept his word, for he was with them again the next day. Montesson walked with him about the village, every step of which he was well acquainted with, and delighted Montgomery with the sight of a succession of beautiful romantic scenery. He returned again to the cottage with Montesson, and stayed as the day before till it was dusk. From this time he came almost daily to the cottage, and generally after taking a walk with Montesson, partook
of

of their temperate meal, and conversed with him and Antonia, who seldom joined their walk, as she was engaged in domestic employments, till it was time to return to Vevai.

Montgomery's curiosity was strongly excited, to know the particulars of the lives of Antonia and Montesson, being convinced from every thing he saw, that there was something extraordinary in them. He had distantly hinted a wish of the kind, two or three times to Montesson, without his taking any notice of it. At last, one day, when Antonia was called away to some domestic concerns, where her presence was necessary, as their household consisted but of one old woman, Montesson said

to Montgomery, "I have observed, though I have not noticed it to you, that you have a great desire to know what has occasioned our living, as you now find us in this little obscure valley, and in a situation that evidently does not accord with the knowledge of life and manners that you find in us." Montgomery expressing an eager desire to hear their story, Montesson paused a few moments to recollect himself, and then said with a heavy sigh, "Poor Antonia! as the past can never be forgotten, or transactions however fleeting, recalled, she can never be truly happy again. She is resigned and patient as a saint, to misfortunes inflicted, not incurred, and exerts her utmost endeavours to blunt the edge of my comparatively trifling

VOL. II. K hardships,

hardships, and make me both on my own and her account, as easy as the nature of our situation will admit of. Her situation is extraordinary indeed, she is an orphan, for she has never known either father or mother, though both may be at this hour perhaps living. She is a wife, without knowing whether her husband be alive or dead; and she is a mother, yet for any thing she knows may be childless.

“There is not any circumstance in my life, previous to the connection it has with Antonia's, worth dwelling on. I had lived much in Paris in the early part of my life, and also after I married. When I lost my wife I retired with my daughter, the only child I ever had,
into

into the country, where I had a pleasant situation in an agreeable, rather than grand, neighbourhood, which I very much preferred. I had not lived there many years before my daughter fell into a decline and died.

“Within the first month of my mourning the loss of an amiable and beloved child, the nurse, who had lived with me ever since her birth, came almost out of breath into my room early one morning, with a basket in her hand, which she put down on the table, and burst into tears. I was astonished at her manner, but concluded she had found something unexpectedly of my daughter's that had occasioned her agitation. But before I could ask her any questions my

astonishment

astonishment was encreased, by hearing a cry from the basket like that of a child, on which she opened it, and taking out an infant, who appeared newly born, she said as well as her continued crying would permit her, "We have lost the dear child who was the comfort of both our lives, and heaven seems to have sent us this baby to comfort us. We were waked just now by a knocking at the door, and when we came down and opened it, the person who knocked was gone, and this basket set down, with this note directed to you just at the top of it, in the inside." I opened the note and read as follows. "You are now childless, have compassion on an unfortunate child, who must the moment it is born be banished

nished from its mother's breast, and whom neither father nor mother will ever dare to own."

"I could not hesitate a moment about undertaking the charge thus committed to me, I kissed the little innocent, and had a nurse immediately provided to suckle it. I examined the basket, but neither in that or the dress of the child was there any thing to lead to conjecture. The child was neatly dressed but nothing more. The note was evidently written in a disguised hand, so that there was not any thing to be learned from that. And the only conjecture I ever formed, that was at all corroborated by circumstances, was, that she was the offspring of an illicit

amour, between a lady in the neighbourhood, whose husband had been above a year abroad, and the husband of another lady who lived near her. But if this was really so, it was so carefully conducted, that the injured parties seemed never to have the remotest suspicion of any such connection. What made me as much as any thing conjecture it, was, the earnestness with which I have often observed the suspected lady regarding me when I have been in her company, though she never asked me, as some of my neighbours did, after the child.

“This little baby was a consolation to me, and I grew every day more fond of it. I named it after the daughter I had just lost, Antonia, and from the village

lage where I lived, De Fonrose. When she was weaned, the old nurse would not allow any one to share the nursing of her second Antonia, as she always called her, with her, and the other woman was dismissed. From the moment that she could discriminate the letters one from another, before she could pronounce them, my attention was devoted to her education. And her early attainments answered all my pains, she improved as fast in mind as in person, the latter of which was the perfection of human nature. I never saw it so perfect as in her.

“As I had in the country, the means of giving Antonia as much of the elegant parts of education as I thought

proper for her; I lived entirely there till she was eighteen. At that time, my presence at Paris became necessary, to attend a law suit commenced against me, and thither I took Antonia. During two winters that I had occasion to reside there, tempted by the opportunity it gave me, I added some additional accomplishments to the education of Antonia, and introduced her into the best, not the gayest circles of company. She went occasionally into public, but novel as such scenes were to her, she did not become fond of them. Wherever she went, she was the object of general admiration. Her manners were not then such as you see them now, characterized by melancholy, but full of the most playful and innocent vivacity.

She

She was, to say much in a few words, a French woman without coquetry, and with a solid and cultivated understanding. And her countenance was expressive of this character.

“Such a woman could not fail to attract universally. But the flutter of that description of young men, that may not unaptly be called the butterflies of society, had not any charms for Antonia; they had not mind enough for her, and she could behold them glittering in the sunshine of a crowd with indifference; and felt no more impression from their common place gallantries on her heart, than she would have done injury on her hand; from the feeble wing of the insect they resembled. It was the

society of cultivated men that she liked, of which there were many of all ages and descriptions then in Paris. But her pleasure in their company was general, not meaning by this, that she did not discriminate and prefer some to others, but that her heart did not make a preference of any one in particular. Once, in the last spring we were at Paris, and just before we left it, she was in company with a young man of high rank, whom we had not happened to meet before, who seemed much struck with her, and with whom she was pleased. And had she stayed longer at Paris and seen more of him, there was a *je ne scai quoi* in him, that I thought would have engaged her affections. But our departure was then fixed, and at the
time

time I thought fortunately, as the want of rank in Antonia would no doubt have been made an objection to their marriage by the relations of the young man, even if he had been disposed to overlook it. We were afterwards involved in circumstances as calamitous as any that could have befallen us at Paris. We returned into the country, and Antonia thought only of this young man in common with her Paris acquaintance in general.

“ In the course of the summer, a small estate, with a pretty house belonging to it, was hired for a stranger, of the name of Pierremont, who soon came to reside amongst us. He
came

came recommended to me by a friend at Paris, but, indeed, his whole conduct was such, as to make any other recommendation almost needless. He was a young man, apparently about thirty, of elegant manners, and a very improved mind: and, even in a circle of society like ours, which was particularly good, such a man was a valuable acquisition. He had been much abroad, and on the subject of his travels, as on every other, was always instructive and entertaining. I soon perceived in him a partiality to Antonia, that gave me pleasure, and which soon became reciprocal in her. Not to be tedious, in these particulars, after an interval of some months they

they were married. On this event, at my earnest request, he gave up his house, and they lived with me.

“ Never surely was happiness so complete as ours. The affection of Pierremont and Antonia for each other, seemed to encrease every day, and to make me happy, seemed to be making themselves so. Within a year after their marriage Antonia was delivered of a son. This was a ten-fold encrease of happiness to us all, and it was almost a strife amongst us, which should care for the lovely infant most. Short lived pleasure! In three months, a fatal change blasted all our joys. One morning Pierremont, Antonia, the child, and myself, were arrested by a lettre de cachet,

eachet, and without allowing us one moment to give a last embrace to the objects most dear to us, Antonia and I, were separated from Pierremont and the child, hurried away to Paris, and immediately conveyed to the Bastile.

“ It is impossible words should give you any idea of what we suffered. Much as we endured from our confinement, it was nothing to what we suffered in mind. Antonia, torn from the arms of one of the tenderest and best of husbands, and her darling infant snatched from her breast, where she had nourished him with the fondest maternal affection, and entirely ignorant of their fate, suffered the most excruciating agony of mind. I cannot dwell on the scene,

scene, it is almost miraculous that we survived it.

“At the end of four months we were visited by a person apparently of authority, who said he was authorized to offer us liberty on certain conditions. Antonia in a frantic manner enquired what he had done with her husband and child. “Unless,” she exclaimed, “you restore them to me, liberty is not of any value.” He told her he only came there by commission from others, to offer us liberty on agreeing to the terms proposed, and that he neither would or could talk on any other subject. Then taking me with him into an adjoining apartment, he told me the terms proposed were, that we should quit the kingdom

kingdom never to return to it again. And never make any enquiries after the husband and child of Antonia. And that we must bind ourselves to the observance of these restrictions by the most solemn oath. If we refused to comply with these terms, the alternative was to end our days in the Bastile. He told me to acquaint Antonia with what was proposed, and that we might consider of it till the next day, when he would return for our answer.

“ Dreadful as these conditions were, I did not myself hesitate one moment, about the prudence of accepting them, and using all my influence to bring Antonia to think the same. It was very clear to me, that we were in the hands
of

of a powerful enemy, who would execute his threat, if we refused what no doubt he called his mercy. That we were innocent of any deed that deserved punishment, I knew would not avail us any thing, in the consideration of a man who had no doubt some private end to answer by this persecution. I felt the arm of power against us, and knew that we might appeal to the arm of justice in vain*. I represented all this to Antonia, but she was scarcely

* Whoever is acquainted with the state of France, under the old government, will be aware, that it was in the power of any man who had influence at court, in any one of the various ways by which influence was obtained there, to procure a *Lettre de Cachet*, and by means of it to arrest persons obnoxious to him, at his pleasure, without even an imputed crime, and confine them for as long a time as suited his purpose, or even for life.

enough

enough in her senses to listen to me. She only replied to me that life was not of any value to her whilst she was robbed of her husband and child, and forbidden to make enquiries after them. Though I considered my life as of little value compared with hers, for I was then turned of seventy, I made use of that plea to her, and it had the effect I wished. I told her life might yet be valuable to me, if I was at liberty, and had her to take care of me. This struck her, and running into my arms, and for the first time since we left Fontho shedding tears, she said, "Yes, life is still worth preserving, if I can be of any use to you. Make any terms, I will submit to them, though all hope of seeing my husband and child again,

again, must be for ever excluded from my breast." Of seeing them, I told her I dare not give her any hopes, though if there were any, it was when at liberty, restrained as the terms of it were to us, not in the confinement of that tremendously horrible place. Antonia yielded every thing to me, and the next morning, I acceded to the conditions proposed to us.

"In the evening, when it was dusk, we were conveyed from the Bastille in a coach, to the house of a real or supposed magistrate, I know not which, nor did it signify to us, and took the oath extorted from us. We were then reconducted to the coach, in which the same two persons were waiting for us who
had

had come with us from the Bastile. We were driven on for some way with violence, and then the coach was suddenly stopped, as far as I could discern by the imperfect light of one glimmering lamp, in a lonely kind of place. And one of the persons in the coach, speaking then for the first time, asked us whither we chose to go, for that we were at liberty to make our choice. I enquired whether we must leave the kingdom directly, or whether we might go first to Fonrose. He said his orders were to conduct us out of the kingdom without stopping any where, and that even if it was in his power to permit us to go to Fonrose, it could not be of any service to us, as my property there had been sold, and he was to pay me the value

value of it when he had conducted us wherever we chose to go. And thither our cloaths and valuables would be sent to us also. After a moment's reflection, I told him we would go to Francfort on the Maine. For though I had not any intention of settling in Germany, I did not chuse to leave us in the power of our persecutors, by letting them know where I did think of living.

“He made a signal to the driver by a kind of whistle, and he came to the coach window, and having received his instructions in a whisper we were driven on again with great speed. During the time we stopped, I perceived that the horses to the coach were changed.

Though

Though we stopped at times during the night to change horses, we were not permitted to get out of the coach, till the first inn we came to after it was light. Here we were told we might stay for some hours, but that I must be in the same room with our companions, or more properly guards I should say, and Antonia must be in a room next to us, that had no other communication but with that we were in. This being arranged we retired, and comparatively speaking, had some hours of rest. In the afternoon our journey was resumed, and we travelled till it was late, but not all night, and the same precaution was used here, when we retired to bed, as before. From this place we only travelled by day. On our arrival at
Francfort,

Francfort, the person who had all along appeared the manager of our journey, paid a sum of money into my hands, which he told me was all that my estate fold for. I knew the sum I received to be very inadequate to the value of my property, but being destitute of any means of redress, I took what was given me without making any remarks. He told me that what more I might expect of my property would come to Francfort he expected soon, and should then be delivered to me.

“ I took a lodging in a quiet airy situation, and devoted all my attention to the restoration of Antonia's health, and the soothing her mind, nor was she indeed deficient in exertion for the same purposes

purposes herself. My health had suffered by uneasiness, confinement, and the fatigue of our journey, and when she was once awakened to that observation, her attention to me was unre-mitted, and also her endeavours to tranquilize her mind, to the patient endurance of misfortunes, for which, all other remedy was beyond her reach, and which, when racking her to madness, were undermining my life like deadly poison. These considerations, joined to one of the finest tempers I ever knew, and an excellent understanding, have supported her under the complicated distresses of her situation, and she has long been as you now see her, calm, conversible, and full of amiable and benevolent attentions. More than

than that is not to be expected of her. The circumstances of her sorrows are such, as must for ever remain indelibly impressed on her mind; it is more than the common loss of a husband and child that she has had to bear; it has been attended with perplexities that have left her in the most painful state of uncertainty. And my observations on the human mind have led me to think, that there is not any thing more dreadful to bear than misfortunes embittered by perplexities and uncertainties. The mind naturally becomes acquiescent in what it sees the extent of, and knows to be irremediable, and time heals the deepest of such wounds; but uncertainty keeps the wound perpetually open, and what would be acquiescence under a misfor-

L

tune,

tune, the extent of which was known, wanders in an undefined tract, till exhausted by its fruitless efforts to find the bounds it must extend to, it sinks irresistibly, even in a mind under the control of reason, into a strong cast of melancholy; in one not under that control, into a frantic despair.

“ We spent three months at Francfort, in the course of which I had received our cloaths, and a few trifling things besides, that were meant I suppose as what were called my valuables, of which I had really a considerable quantity, that were made a prey of no doubt, by the harpies who had taken on them to sell my estate, and rob me of more than half its value. We then set off for Switzerland,

Switzerland, where we had determined to live, though we had not fixed on any particular place. In travelling about the country to fix on a residence, this valley and cottage pleased us so much as to determine our choice, and here we have now lived for nine years, still in the same uncertainty about those most dear to us, and the chain of events that occasioned our banishment, as the first moment when we were arrested."





Chapter 12.



" Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Consolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendship's life-supporting band ! "

Hayley.



" WHEN Monteffon had ended his narrative, fatigued with long speaking, for Montgomery had "with such greedy ears devoured up his discourse" that he had not once interrupted him, he remained silent; and it was some minutes before Montgomery, who would have listened

listened for hours had the story extended to that length, could forget to listen and begin to speak! At last, almost shuddering as he spoke, "Good God!" he said, in a solemn tone, "what an obligation to be bound to, by the tremendous tie of an oath, never more to enquire after such endearing connections. How have you and Antonia supported life so long?"

Monteffon, turning his eyes on him with a look that seemed to pierce into his soul, replied, "The imperious law of necessity has compelled us to bear it. Conscious that any efforts for redress of our wrongs must be impotent, we sought resources within ourselves to baffle the effects of them, and have experienced,

as all who do so must, that they only need to be searched for, to be found. If the wound is not quite healed, the agonizing smart of it is abated, and life become again mingled with enjoyment."

Montgomery felt awe stricken by the manner of Montesson, and confused rather than informed by what he said, for he had not one idea in unison with these sentiments of Montesson's. His enervating education had prevented in him the growth of the vigour of mind that would have resisted misfortune, and consequently when any came on him, he was overwhelmed by it, and always supposed he must die under its pressure, till some new passion had power to exterminate the former. He was again
silent

silent for some minutes, he wished to ask many questions, yet scarcely knew how to begin, or whether Montesson would like it. Curiosity at length superseding all other sensations, he asked Montesson if he had not ever conjectured what might be the motive for the persecution, he and Antonia had endured.

“That is a question I have never answered but with the utmost caution,” said Montesson, “as the having even uttered a conjecture, had it reached the ears of our persecutors, and I never could be secure that spies were not set to watch us, might have proved dangerous and occasioned our confinement for life. But the length of time now

elapsed makes caution less necessary, and you being a foreigner are not likely to have any interest to serve by betraying us. Neither has your manner ever given me cause to suspect you; I should not have told our story to you if it had. Forgive what seems so harsh a sentiment towards mankind, but which, alas! is too often just, in the present depraved state of society. It is foreign to the nature of man to act from such base motives, it is one of the vicious habits produced from the chain of cause and effect, by the existing systems of governments. But I will recur to our subject."

My supposition has always been, that Pierremont was the young nobleman whom we saw once at Paris, the son of
the

the Duke D'Allancour, who seemed so much captivated with Antonia. We observed from the first in him, a resemblance of features to the latter, though they were characterized by the striking difference of the Marquis Defanteuil having flaxen hair and eyebrows, whilst Pierremont had dark eyebrows, and instead of his own hair wore a dark wig, the hair of which came in imitation of natural hair a good way over his face. But that and his dark eyebrows were no doubt assumed as a disguise. He had probably applied in vain to the Duke to consent to his seeking a union with Antonia, or perhaps certain that he should not obtain it, had not asked it, and escaped from his father, and disguised himself, to come in pursuit,

of her. His father, I suppose, by persevering enquiry, traced him to Fonrose, and took the means you have heard to separate his son from Antonia, and guard against his ever finding her again. The child is most likely brought up in obscurity, where it may never know of the title and fortune to which it is heir. For heir he is to the title and fortune if he is the Duke's grandson, as Pierremont is the name of the family. I do not doubt that Pierremont, who was most truly honourable in all his intercourse with us, excepting, if he was the Marquis Desanteuil, his disguise, would not assume any other name, that the marriage might be legal. And the name of a man of rank is so lost in the title, that it was not likely to betray him,

him, particularly as the name is not uncommon. Had the child been left with Antonia, it might hereafter, by some means, have come to the knowledge of its claims, and there might be, no doubt the old Duke feared, a Duke D'Allancour, not *nobly born* on both sides.

"Have you any foundation but conjecture for this", asked Montgomery, whose curiosity made him forget the bounds that Montesson might probably chuse to set to his communication.

Montesson hesitated for some moments whether to gratify the curiosity of Montgomery any farther or not. He seemed inclined to press his questions very close,

close, and Montesson half regretted that he had been so communicative. Yet the eagerness of his manner was a testimony in his favour, for a person with a bad design in his enquiries would have proceeded with more caution. And on recollecting what he had already said to him, on which no consciousness of guilt had flashed into his countenance; Montesson, whose honest heart hated to indulge suspicion, though he had from circumstances been compelled in some degree to do so, now spurned it from him, and replied to Montgomery's question, " My conjectures are not supported by any positive evidence, but I have strong presumptive evidence for the justness of them. Having once an opportunity,

no

no matter how, by which I could apply with safety to my friend at Paris."

"Excuse me," said Montgomery abruptly, "apply to your friend did you say?"

"Yes."

"But, Good God, your oath!"

"Do not suppose, young man, that I wantonly give up my integrity, and make a practice of deception, because I yielded to the pronouncing an oath, imposed on me by the iron force of unjust power, and did not afterwards hold it sacred. An oath taken, or my word merely given, for that is the same thing with me, from compulsion that
I have

I have it not in my power to resist, I may keep from motives of prudence perhaps, but never from conscientious motives. I hold the wrong to be in the extortion, not in the violation, in this case. It is a means of eluding the usurped power, I cannot resist, and I do not consider myself as called on by any duty as a moral agent, to sacrifice my life or liberty on such an occasion. But again observe, that I do not, from such a precedent, think any excuse is to be drawn for a violation of integrity, in the general intercourse of man with man."

Montgomery looked attentively at Montesson as he spoke, and when he had done speaking with a manner expressive

pressive of terror, he said, "but oaths are always registered in heaven, and how will you answer there, to the accusation of having violated your's?"

"Do not think so unjustly of the Deity, as to suppose he has given us one rule of right and wrong here, and will judge us on another hereafter. He has given us conscience as a guide, and if we do not stupify it by self delusion, but suffer it to act with vigour, and try all our actions at its bar, we may be assured its approving voice will be sanctioned by the Deity. But to gain this point, we must make moral duties our study, not fritter life away in trifling.

Montgomery

Montgomery appeared uneasy, and looking at Monteffon with an inquisitive kind of anxiety, that appeared to the latter to indicate a suspicion of his principles, said hesitatingly, "But you cannot think all oaths may be thus dispensed with."

"Your question involves a thousand intricacies. Oaths are made so much a part of the present systems of society, not only in governments, but in the common intercourse of life, and though disregarded by many are to some a tie, that a general principle of self dispensation may be at present dangerous. Yet at best they are a folly, for an honest man will be faithful to his trust without an oath, and a rogue will not

not be restrained by one. And if ever a rational system is established, they will be utterly discarded, for the simplicity of truth is superior to the use of oaths, and neither will governments impose them, nor individuals voluntarily make use of them."

There was an air of dissatisfaction in Montgomery that Montesson could not account for, but he did not notice it, and Montgomery soon said, "I beg pardon for this interruption; you was going to tell me what you had heard from your friend at Paris."

"I enquired of him what he knew of Pierremont previous to his recommendation of him to me, and whether
he

he had heard any rumours at Paris within the last few years, of a quarrel between the Duke D'Allancour and his son the Marquis Defanteuil."

"His answer to me was, that his acquaintance with Pierremont did not commence till about six weeks before his settling in our neighbourhood. That he was introduced to him by a Monsieur de Verville who spoke highly of him, and on finding him answer in all respects to what was said of him, he had not hesitated to comply with his request of being the introducer of him by letter to me, when he went to take possession of his new house. He said also, that he would gladly have made what enquiries caution would permit about
Pierremont,

Pierremont, of Monsieur de Verville, but that Monsieur de Verville had been for a long time absent from Paris, and he had never heard where he was. In reply to my other question, he said that there had been at times rumours, rather murmured than spoken of, that the Marquis Dasanteuil had left his father's house, and that it was not known what was become of him. Then again, that he was gone abroad with the Duke's approbation. But that for some length of time the Marquis had been at home. But my friend not being in the circles of the great, had not an opportunity of seeing or knowing any thing of him, and did not think it safe either for our sakes or his own to risk any enquiries. "Soon after this," added Montesson, "my friend died,
and

and there was not any one left whom I dared to write to on the subject. This was five years ago, and since that time, not any thing has occurred either in confirmation or confutation of our conjectures."

As Montesson finished his relation, Montgomery sighed, appeared thoughtful, and very little disposed to converse, and as it was then growing late, he soon left the cottage. The next day, contrary to his general custom, he did not go thither, but the day after he went as usual, and seemed as much pleased as ever with the company of Montesson and Antonia. He seldom failed to go there every day whilst he remained at Vevai, where he would
probably

probably have stayed much longer if it had not been for the accidental circumstance, after he had been there about two months, of Walsingham's return into England, which he thought would discover him to Trevelyan.

Within a few days after Walsingham set out, Montgomery went to the cottage with an apparently heavy heart to take leave of his friends. He told them it was necessary for him to become a wanderer again, though he knew not whither to go, and feared he should not any more meet with such friends to console him. Montesson endeavoured now, as he had done once before, with the most friendly manner and intention to engage the confidence
of

of Montgomery. But the latter shook his head, put his hand upon his breast, and said, "No, my valuable friend, it must lie buried here, it must die with me." He lingered till the last gleam of day with them, then took an affectionate leave of the venerable old man and the interesting Antonia, hurried with agitation back to Vevai, and the next morning set off for Geneva.



Chapter

Chapter 19.

"Where with chill frown enormous Alps alarms
A thousand realms, horizon'd in his arms;
While cloudless suns meridian glories shed,
From skies of silver round his hoary head,
Tall rocks of ice refract the colour'd rays,
And Frost sits thron'd amid the lambent blaze."

Darwin.



AT Geneva, Montgomery became acquainted with Lord Copenger, an Irish nobleman, who had been some months resident there, and who introduced him to other society, amongst whom he passed the remainder of the winter;

winter; though with little enjoyment, as added to his general dejection, he perpetually regretted having been obliged to leave his friends at Clarens, who were so interesting to him, from the peculiarity of their situation, and with whom he frequently gave the conversation a turn, that pampered the appetite of his imagination for melancholy romance."

As the spring of seventy-eight advanced, Montgomery, Lord Copenger, and some others, set out to visit the Glaciers of Savoy. To the former, these stupendous mountains, and the noble woods, and extensive vallies beneath, were a scene of visionary delight. Where the philosophic eye would have gazed

gazed with awful admiration, and the mind have been carried from the works, to the Creator of them, with the most natural and sincere devotion, he saw only retreats from the world, where melancholy might sigh away its soul in delicious obscurity, remote from the obtrusion of any officious friend, who might endeavour to pour in an antidote, to correct the silent undermining, of the fatally loved poison. He traversed the woods and vallies with a delirious kind of pleasure, and viewed every little hut with envy. The mountains and the Mer de Glace, he surveyed and wondered at, without their fixing his attention. His emotions were all indulged in silence, for there was not in the company one of a sympa-

thetic disposition to his; and though when the object of their excursion was completed, he returned to Geneva with regret, he was with-held by a fear of his companions, from spending more time amidst this scenery.

Soon after their return, Lord Copen-ger, who was going to Venice, proposed to Montgomery to go with him. To him, who had not any plan of travelling, or any other object than to attempt flying from an enemy, never to be gotten rid of, and of all others the most dangerous, himself, and seemingly to shun all his former friends, this was a welcome offer. For though Lord Copen-ger was not a companion for the extacies of vision, his deportment was that

that of a well bred man, who never shocked Montgomery with offensive raillery or noisy mirth.

From Geneva they went to Chamberry, and from thence set out to ascend the Alps. This part of their journey was a scene of similar pleasure to Montgomery, as that which he felt on visiting the Glaciers. They passed these famous mountains at their leisure, but the days were gone too soon for Montgomery, who wished them protracted to the length of weeks. They ascended the sublime Mount Cenis, and passed three days at the Hospital, built upon its plain for the accommodation of travellers, from whence they made excursions to visit the lakes and cascades in the north-

ern extremity of the plain. When they descended the mountain and travelled on to Turin; Montgomery felt as if he was quitting one of the few places where he could ever feel life, not irksome to him, to encounter again "populous cities and the busy hum of men" amongst whom he was, to use a contradictory expression, a living nonentity.

At Turin they made only a short stay, and then proceeded to Genoa, where they continued for some time. Lord Copenger having letters of introduction to many of the first families in the place, their time was divided between company, and the inspection of Churches and Palaces, with their respective ornaments of monuments, statues, and paintings.

ings. The beautiful situation of Genoa, and several fine villas in the environs of it, are still more striking objects of attraction to strangers.

On leaving Genoa their route was to Pavia, which they left again in a few days for Milan, stopping by the way to see the magnificent Carthusian Monastery, about a mile from the road, at the end of an avenue of fine Cypresses. This again was a scene congenial to the taste of Montgomery.

"In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns"

Bope.

he indulged, as he walked about, a half formed idea of passing his life there, without once taking into consideration

whether it was practicable or not. The apparent calm of monastic life, to him, who saw only the surface of it, was so fascinating, and the vain regrets that destroy the peace of most of its votaries, veiled by the often impenetrable curtain of assumed content, that he was completely taken captive, and but from fear of Lord Copenger, would have proposed his wild scheme to the monks. But neither having courage to mention it in his presence, nor to form an excuse for staying after him, his project "died in thinking," they left the monastery together, and arrived the same day at Milan.

Lord Copenger had again here introductory letters, that procured them admission to many families of note. As

it was summer time, they were most of them at their villas, where Lord Copen-ger and Montgomery were received by them with the cordial hospitality for which the Milanese are justly celebrated. The manner of life amongst them at this season, as described by various travellers, is particularly devoted to pleasure of a most fascinating kind to strangers. The stile of the villas in general would in description appear more like fancy than reality. At these enchanting retreats, the owners of them assemble as large a company as their house will contain, for there is not any thing so dreadful to an Italian as solitude, where pleasure in various shapes is their only pursuit. In the evening they go out in parties upon the lakes attended by a

barge with a band of musicians. The sound of the instruments, softened by the water, and repeated in sweet tones by the surrounding echoes, produced a harmony that exceeds the powers of description. And when the moon shed her mild beams over the scene to charm the eye, as much as the music did the ear, the whole seemed a realised fairy tale.

For Montgomery this was too much, the music and the echoes revived sensations too poignant to be borne, and he flew from these parties as he would have done from the rack. Not so Lord Copenger, who soon found an additional fascination in the charms of Signora Francesca, the sister of the young Count Adriano. And whilst his
time

time and attention were devoted to her, Montgomery spent his time principally in the town of Milan. Of all the usual sights there, he was most pleased with the Cathedral, justly esteemed after Saint Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent in Italy, and without exception, the finest Gothic edifice in the whole country. From the little spire in the centre of the dome, the eye ranges over the extensive plains of Lombardy, on one side bounded by the Appenines, on the other by the Alps, towards which Montgomery cast

"A look of fond regret, as mem'ry brought
In vivid colours drawn, its dear retreats
Back to his view, for which his sicken'd soul
Long'd to exchange the tumult of the world."

He often came, as it grew dusk, to
walk in this cathedral when almost

M 5

every

every body else had left it. The vaulted roof rising to a great height, the taper columns forming a kind of labyrinth, the declining light through the fine painted windows, a few scattered lamps glimmering from subterraneous chapels and solitary shrines and altars, excited in him a morbid devotion, founded on a certain degree of terror, that is always associated in weak minds with the idea of the Deity. Forgetting that they are at all times in his presence, the children of superstition recognize him only in the dank gloom of churches and cloisters, where to wear a smile on the face, or even to admit a cheerful thought into the mind, is accounted a sin. By such mistaken gloomy ideas the mind becomes contracted, and the temper soured; and devotion is made a penance,

penance, instead of being the effusion of a grateful enlarged mind, that sees the Deity every where, and believes no offering so grateful to him as the practice of universal benevolence.

With his devotion, which as we have seen, was in Montgomery the offspring of gloom, was naturally mingled the image of Miss Mordaunt, the source of his gloom. He had several evenings taken his walk, absorbed in this medley of sensation, without observing that he was watched by an old friar, who at last accosted him thus, "My son you seem unhappy." Montgomery surprised, turned about and surveyed the friar without making him any answer.

The

The latter addressing him again, said,
“ You eye me with suspicion, is it then
so uncommon for the unhappy to meet
with commiseration, that it can only
excite distrust. You have been many
evenings the object of my attention,
and I think I perceive misery, more
than piety, to be the cause of your
lonely walks in this sacred place.”

Montgomery though reserved to his
best friends, yet seemed for a moment
struck with this address of the friar's,
and half disposed to be unreserved to
him. The sanctity of the place, the cha-
racter of a religious, which his garb
denoted, gave him a transient idea of a
friend sent him by heaven. Then all at
once as if recollecting himself, he replied
briefly,

briefly, "I walk here my good friend because I admire the solemnity and magnificence of this church, I never saw one that excelled it."

"Then you have never seen," said the friar, who was much disposed to converse with him, "Saint Peter's at Rome."

"No, I have never been at Rome."

"It is worth taking a journey thither for that sight only, it is the great ornament and glory of the catholic church."

The friar remained in conversation with Montgomery till the convent bell summoned him home, and the latter then returned to his hotel.

Though

Though the friar had put an end to Montgomery's evening walks, as he did not chuse to subject himself to farther interrogation, he had at the same time given him an object for his travels, by the strong inclination his discourse had excited in him to see St. Peter's church, and he resolved, when he parted with Lord Copenger, to go to Rome.

As autumn came on, Lord Copenger prepared to leave his fair Milanese for a short time, to keep his appointment at Venice, with a friend whom he had promised to meet there, and from whence he was to return to Milan to marry Signora Francesca.

Montgomery and Lord Copenger left Milan together and travelled through Verona,

Verona, Vicenza, and Padoua, at each of which places they made but a short stay, and from the last went down the Brenta to Venice.

In the public barge on board of which they went, was a young Bolognese returning from the university of Padoua, home. He was a sensible well informed young man, and Lord Copeger and Montgomery made an acquaintance with him, which they were desirous of continuing, during their stay at Venice, where this young man was to stop and visit a relation. Signor Pallavicino, for that was the name of the young man, being no less pleased at having met with companions who would

would diversify the scene to which he was going, for his relation was Prior of a convent, readily acceded to their request of continuing the acquaintance thus commenced. Lord Copenger's stay was indeed short, his friend was arrived at Venice before him, and in little more than a week they set off together for Milan. Lord Copenger when he took leave of Montgomery, gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Patrick O'Neill, who was then, and had been for some years, resident at Rome.

Montgomery's time was more taken up at Venice, with seeing the place and all that is contained worthy the attention of a stranger, than with company,

pany, and he was ready to leave it before Signor Pallavicino, with whom he was to travel to Bologna. For the latter waited to be present at the ceremony of his sister's profession who was to enter on her novitiate very soon. At the time appointed Montgomery attended the ceremony with him.

Signora Giovanna Pallavicino was not more than seventeen, very pretty and interesting. She was dressed according to her situation in life, handsomely, not sumptuously. After the performance of high mass, which was accompanied by a very fine band of music, the priest went up to the grate, which, on such occasions, is decorated with flowers, on the other side of which
the

the nuns of the convent were assembled with the fair victim. After burning incense, singing, and some other ceremonies, her dress was changed for that of a nun, with a white veil, and a wreath of flowers put upon her head. She was then kissed by all the nuns, and after some farther ceremonies at the grate, a grand chorus was played by the band in the church which concluded the ceremony, and the young nun received the compliments of her acquaintance through the grate. She had always been brought up with the idea of taking the veil, and appeared as if she would realize Mr. Pope's beautiful description of a nun, happy in the visionary holiness of her life.

"How

“ How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
“ Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,”
Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her, th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.”

Bopt.

As Signor Pallavicino bade adieu to his sister, and left the convent with Montgomery, a tear of pity and affection started into his eye, and he said, “ I hope from my soul this present sweet delusion of Giovanna's may last for ever,

ever, unless it happily wears off before the year of her novitiate is over. Poor Giovanna! what misery you will be reserved to if it does not."

"O but consider," replied Montgomery, "what she is taken from; a world of torture, to a life of perpetual serenity."

"I believe there are few who would not gladly exchange what you suppose blissful serenity, for the world they have renounced."

"They would do it with ignorance of the world they were going to encounter," said Montgomery, "and soon repent of it."

They

They were now joined by an acquaintance with whom they went to pass the evening, and the next morning early they left Venice. They went in a barge down the Laguni to Chiusa, and from thence all the way by water to Ferrara, where they stayed for three days and then resuming their journey, went on to Bologna.



Chapter 14.

“ All night let me wander alone,
Be the bat of yon cloyster my friend,
Let the screech-owl instruct me to moan,
And all nature in silence attend;
To me consolation is vain,
To me the wide world is no more!”

Montgatz.



MONTGOMERY could not withstand the solicitations of Signor Pallavicino to spend some time at Bologna. He found the family of his friend agreeable, and saw the curiosities of the place at leisure, and but for the strong desire
he

he had imbibed to visit Saint Peter's church, would probably have had little inducement to leave Bologna, where he was as well pleased with his situation, as he was likely to be any where. After a stay of three weeks, he took leave of his friends, and set forward, once more, with only his servant, for Rome. He went by Imola, Cesene, Archangelo, Rimini, Sinigaglia, Loretto, Macerate, Tolentino, at each of which places, he only stopped for as long a time, as what they had to offer worth the attention of travellers, took up to survey.

As Montgomery passed the Appenines, though the advanced season of the year made such a habitation very undesirable, he could not resist staying
a day

a day or two at a pretty village situated pleasantly in a deep valley, with a rivulet running through it, which forms in its passage a number of beautiful cascades. From hence, had it been summer, probably even his wish to be at Rome could not have drawn him away, at least, for some length of time, as he did not leave it now, without a strong impression of the delights of such a retirement. From this village he went through Foligno, Terni, Narni, Otricoli, Civita, Castellana, Castello, Nuovo, to Rome.

On entering this noble monument of antiquity, Montgomery felt as if he was at the end of the world, and that he must sojourn there for ever. He had not any farther object in view, and that

gave him the sensation of there not being any thing beyond it, and to turn back and traverse his steps again, though still distant from England, in his desponding state of mind seemed impossible, it would incessantly appear to him like going thither, and he could not bear the thoughts of it for a moment. No! Rome must be my grave, was one of his first reflections on finding himself there, and he wished he had yet had a thousand miles to travel to it.

The first few days of his being there were passed in the deepest dejection, and he could not summon up resolution enough to avail himself of his introduction to Sir Patrick O'Neill, till re-

N

minded

mind of it by his servant, who was anxious to see his master roused from this stupor. Montgomery then, ashamed to put off going thither any longer, went to call on Sir Patrick, by whom he was received with the most cordial civility. Sir Patrick's family, consisted besides himself, of a wife, three children, and the Abbé Xavier, their chaplain and confessor, who had resided in the family some years.

A singular incident had preceded the marriage of Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neill, as Montgomery heard from the Abbé Xavier, on the anniversary of their wedding day, which he, and a large party besides, were invited to celebrate, soon after he came to Rome.

During

During the time between their engagement and that fixed for their marriage, the two fathers in a quarrel originating in some trifling cause, but carried to a serious height by the folly of neither chusing to own themselves in the wrong, came at last to such an extremity, as to vow, with a solemn imprecation of eternal misery to themselves if they broke it, that their children should never be united. The shock, and consequent unhappiness from it, to their respective children, who were sincerely attached to each other, soon made the fathers repent their rash vows. On unburdening their minds to their confessors, a ray of comfort was suggested to them, by the prospect of obtaining a dispensation from their vows, by application to his

holiness the Pope. On proper penitence being expressed by them, and all the usual forms being complied with, a dispensation was applied for, and obtained for them, and the two young people made happy. The father of Sir Patrick survived this event only two years. After his death, Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neill excited by gratitude to the holy pontiff for the happiness they enjoyed, resolved on a journey to Rome, where they had resided ever since.

Sir Patrick O'Neill was become almost naturalized in Rome from his long residence there, and had it of course in his power to introduce Montgomery, in the most desirable manner, to the best society in the place, whether natives or foreigners.

foreigners. In Sir Patrick's own family he soon became so much domesticated, that he passed the greatest part of his time there. The society of a family of affection, as this was, could not fail to interest him, and with such an addition as the Abbé Xavier, who was a man of the most insinuating manners, with an inexhaustible fund of conversation, he felt very little inclination to extend his acquaintance, though Sir Patrick would not always allow him to excuse himself from mixing in companies, where the assemblage of persons, from many different parts of Europe, made company, he thought, a study as well as an amusement, and therefore very desirable for a young traveller.

The dejection of Montgomery on his first coming to Rome, had suspended in him all attention, even to the great object of his coming, the seeing Saint Peter's Church, and afterwards, as the Abbé Xavier had undertaken to be his Cicerone to all the sights in Rome, he had consented to defer seeing it till Christmas day, when he was to be present at high mass, in compliance with the request of the Abbé, who was always desirous of giving strangers a strong impression of the grandeur of this celebrated church.

On Christmas day, when Montgomery went with the Abbé and Sir Patrick's family to saint Peter's, he was indeed almost breathless with astonishment and admiration.

admiration. The magnificence of the building itself, the decoration for this festival, the entrance of the Pope, in a chair covered with crimson velvet, borne on men's shoulders, in a superb dress, with a fine tiara upon his head, preceded by the cardinals, and other dignitaries of the church in full dress, the dignified solemnity of the pontiff throughout the whole ceremony, the exquisite music by which the performance of mass was accompanied, altogether made an impression on him not to be described, and when he left the church, he was obliged to go home, and spend some hours by himself, to recover the use of his faculties. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly of persons of distinction, of both sexes, at Sir Patrick

O'Neill's, to which Montgomery went, but he was not at all disposed to join the general group; he got the Abbé Xavier apart from the rest of the company, to ask him a thousand questions about the ceremony he had been present at in the morning, which his suspended faculties had not allowed him to ask before.

The next day, they went together to Saint Peter's, to contemplate, at leisure, this stupenduously fine building, and its profusion of ornaments, and many hours spent there, did but excite Montgomery's wish to go there again. But the next time, it should be, he resolved, at the close of day, to enjoy the same solemn gloom, he had taken such pleasure
in

in at Milan. Thither accordingly at that hour, he often repaired, sometimes alone, but oftener with the Abbé Xavier, who having conversation suited to all occasions, instead of being an interruption to Montgomery, made the gloom still more interesting to him. Their mornings were generally passed in surveying some of the almost endless curiosities of this renowned city. They were sometimes joined on these occasions by Sir Patrick, or some of his family, and accidentally, by other acquaintance, which induced Montgomery, to be less reluctant to go into company, though he never seemed to approach so near to any thing like being happy, as when in conversation with only the Abbé Xavier.

Of all the diversity of sights to be seen in this, as it may justly be called great museum of Italy, Montgomery was most pleased, after Saint Peter's, with those of Ancient Rome. In viewing the venerable ruins, and other remnants of antiquity, there will always be an association of melancholy, in a greater or less degree, though it seldom exceeds what may be called pleasurable, and this, with his kind of disposition, exclusive of any other cause, would insensibly create this preference in him.

One morning when they had been joined, as they set out on their usual occupation, by Mr. Johnson, a young Englishman, he pressed them on their return to go with him to the English
Coffee

Coffee House. They consented, and Montgomery took up an English newspaper, of which there were several lying about, and glancing his eye over it, was thrown into the greatest agitation on catching the name of Mordaunt. Afraid of being observed, he walked as well as he could to the other end of the room, and leaning against the wall, held the paper as if he was reading, though his head was growing giddy, and his eyes so dim, that he could not see a letter, till unable to stand any longer, he staggered to a chair and threw himself into it. Somebody, who sat near observing him, ran directly for some wine, and pouring out a large glass, made him swallow a good portion of it.

By

By this time, the eyes of almost every body in the room were attracted towards him, and a buz of, what's the matter? awakening the attention of the Abbé Xavier and Mr. Johnson, who were both reading, at the upper end of the room, they came to him directly, and leading him into another room, stayed with him there, till he was well enough to go home. He told them, as they went home with him, that he had not been well for some days, and that their walk, which had been that morning pretty long, was too much for him. This excuse to them, who could not have any idea of the true reason of his illness, passed for the truth. He continued ill all the two next days, and the

Abbé

Abbé Xavier, scarcely ever left him, his kind attentions were unremitted.

Montgomery wished eagerly to know what was attached to the name of Mordaunt in the news-paper, though he almost dreaded to see it, and as he dare not expose himself to the flock that the disclosure might be to him at the coffee house, and was, indeed, hardly well enough to go out, he requested the Abbé to procure him a sight of the English news-papers. They were accordingly sent to him, and came when the Abbé was with him. Afraid to read them whilst he was present, Montgomery impatiently longed for his going, and, for once, thought his conversation tedious.

At

At last the Abbé took his leave, and Montgomery, with a deadly tremor, looked for the interesting paper, but when he had it in his hand a dreadful though momentary suspense preceded his turning to the article. It was now before his eyes, and those only who have felt any thing of the kind, can have an idea of his feelings, when he read as follows. "A few days since were married, at Glenmor Priory, in Brecknockshire, the seat of Charles Ashton Mordaunt, Esq. George Morgan Shirley, Esq. of Llangors, in the same county, to Miss Caroline Mordaunt, youngest daughter of the late Charles Mordaunt, Esq." The name of Mordaunt, at the beginning of one of the lines, was what had caught his eye, and occasioned the
agitation

agitation that prevented his being calmed again by reading the whole paragraph. He now read it twenty times over, and was for a little while almost as much overcome with joy, as he had been before by surprise and fear. But this did not last long, some melancholy reflections succeeded this effervescence and produced a fit of dreadful dejection. In a day or two this subsided again, and left him much in the same state in which he had been now for a long time, and he went out, with his friend the Abbé, after his usual pursuits.



Chapter

Chapter 15.

“Urg’d by those charms, no wonder if I strove
To gain your promise, and secure my love.
Equal to me (provided you allow
The dear success) if cunning stole the vow.”

James.



ONE evening when Montgomery went with Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neill to Count Orfini's, Baron Pontchartreux, a French nobleman, who had been at Rome some months, brought with him a stranger, whom he introduced to Count Orfini, as the Duke D'Allancour who
had

had arrived from France but a few days before. Montgomery, who was near enough to hear the name, started at it. His friends at Clarens, and their melancholy story, were instantly in his thoughts. He looked stedfastly at the Duke, he was too young a man to be the persecutor of his friends. If there was any justice in the conjectures of Montgomery, this must therefore be the husband of Antonia. Montgomery kept near him the whole evening, and watched him as if he had been a spy set over him. His manners and conversation were such as seemed to answer Montesson's description, the former being elegant, the latter of a very superior kind to what is commonly met with. And there was a pensive seriousness in him, though he was very

very conversable, that seemed to indicate some latent uneasiness. His hair and eyebrows too were light. Every thing seemed to Montgomery to justify the ideas of Montesson; it must be, he said to himself, that the old Duke is dead, and that this is the husband of my friend, who has succeeded to the title. And shall I disclose to him what I know? does he still love Antonia? passed as quick as lightning in his thoughts. But then should Montesson be wrong, I may involve him and Antonia in a thousand difficulties. What could be done was the question. He would consult the Abbé Xavier was the immediate reply. It was impossible he could be faithless, no, he was all a friend could be, and the story must be safe with him, whatever was to be done.

The Abbé had been engaged that day, and was not to be at home till late at night, Montgomery therefore could not see him till the next morning. In the morning the Abbé called on him early to go to matins, whither Montgomery for some time had seldom failed to go three or four times in a week. As they went thither, the time was too short to enter on the story. On their return they met a Monsieur de Marceau and his son, who were acquainted with the Abbé Xavier, and whom Montgomery had often seen. Monsieur de Marceau, as he came up to them, took the boy by the hand, and said to the Abbé, my good friend let me present this youth to you, not any longer as my son, but as the Marquis Desanteuil, the son of the Duke

Duke D'Allancour. His grandfather is recently dead, and the motives for his passing as my son are therefore at an end."

"Oh heavens!" then exclaimed Montgomery, "Montesson must be right."

"And for God's sake," said Monsieur de Marceau, "what do you know of Montesson? But this is not a place for explanation, let me go with you to your hotel."

Monsieur de Marceau dispatched the Marquis Desanteuil home, and went with Montgomery, and the Abbé Xavier, who was desired to accompany them, to his hotel.

Montgomery

Montgomery then related to Monsieur de Marceau, all that he knew of Montesson and Antonia, first taking his solemn assurance, that if it did not relate to the Duke D'Allancour, he would never betray the story.

When he had finished, "The conjectures of Montesson are indeed just," said Monsieur de Marceau, "and in me behold the Monsieur de Verville, whom he spoke of. It has been my good fortune to preserve the child of the Duke and Antonia, from obscurity at least, if not from destruction. The Marquis Desanteuil, as he then was, and I, had been intimate for some years, we had travelled together all over Europe. Soon after our return from our travels,

the

the Marquis saw Antonia De Fonrose: she was exactly the woman formed to captivate, and make him happy. He proposed the alliance to his father who was indignant at the idea of it, and peremptorily forbade him to think any farther of it.

“ This command the Marquis considered as tyrannical and unjust, but openly to oppose it, which was what his ingenuous heart yearned to do, he knew would be to expose both her and himself, to the unrelenting rage of offended pride. To evade it therefore, was all that he saw possible, and this he resolved to do, rather than give up Antonia. He did not attempt to remonstrate with his father, which he perceived would be in vain,

vain, but soon after, when the Duke was absent for a few days, left the house, leaving word that he was gone into the country. Seeing that he was determined, for he came directly to me, and thinking the Duke unjust, I could not refuse my assistance to my friend, and received him at my house, in the disguise he had assumed, in order to introduce him to Monsieur de Freteaux, the friend of Montesson. This plan succeeded, and what followed his settling in the country you already know. I should say that at times the Marquis took care to inform his father that he was well, by letters conveyed so as not to lead to a discovery, but that he chose to remain in retirement.

“ The

“ The Duke, indefatigable in enquiring after him, at last traced him to Fonrose, and took the violent measure of a Letter de Cachet, to separate him from his wife and child. What became of the former and Montesson, neither of us have ever been able to trace. Fortunately I discovered the child in a little paltry habitation in the suburbs of Paris, from whence it was the next day to have been carried far into the country. For a good sum of money I got it from the nurse, and she was to leave Paris, as if with the child, to avoid all danger of the Duke’s finding out that she had parted with it. I immediately set out with the child for this place, and after putting it into safe hands, returned into France and went to Fonrose,

rose, but I could not obtain any tidings of Montesson and Antonia. The old nurse, who brought up Antonia, I heard, died of grief soon after Antonia was taken away. I obtained one momentary sight of the Marquis, who was watched incessantly, to tell him that his child was under my care, and should remain so, during the life of the Duke, but that he must not hear of him, lest it might accidentally lead to a discovery of him, and endanger his life. To this he saw the necessity of consenting, but he made this condition, that while he did not hear, he might depend on the child being alive. He knew where we were, and the name I had assumed, and as soon as the Duke his father was bu-

ried, flew hither to embrace and acknowledge his child.

When Monsieur de Verville had ended his short narration, he hastened to communicate to the Duke D'Allancour, the happy tidings he had heard from Montgomery, of Antonia and Montesson, and was to return for Montgomery, when the Duke was able to see him.

It is useless to attempt giving a detail of the present interview between the Duke and Monsieur de Verville. The emotions felt by both, for such a friend as the latter, could not be a cold narrator only on this occasion, were such

as

as elude the powers of the pen, and must be left to the imagination of those, whose heart

“Turns at the touch of joy or wee.”

Greville.

When the first emotions of surprise and joy were a little subsided, the Duke, almost afraid to believe that what he had heard was true, was impatient for the conviction of seeing and conversing with the man who had seen Antonia. He would not wait the delay of Monsieur de Verville's going for Montgomery, but went with him to the hotel. When the Duke was introduced to Montgomery, in the first transports he felt at beholding a

living witness of the existence of Antonia, he pressed him to his heart, but could not speak. Nor could Montgomery, who was much agitated, first break silence.

Monfieur de Verville, by a well-timed question to Montgomery, relative to Antonia, led the way to the interesting conversation, that entirely dissipated the anxious fears of the Duke, that what he had heard was a dream.

As some little arrangements, that Monfieur de Verville undertook to make, were necessary before they could set out, the Duke requested Montgomery to spend the rest of the day with him, and nothing but his company could

could have shortened the tedium of these hours to the Duke, who thought every moment lost till he was on his journey to Antonia. He took leave of Montgomery with the most cordial affection, and assurances that he should hear from him. And the next morning early set off with his son and Monsieur de Verville for Clarens.

The Duke wrote to Montgomery after the first few days of his reunion with Antonia were past, when calmer enjoyment began to succeed to the transports of unexpectedly renewed happiness, and they felt the ability and the leisure, to ask each other every minute circumstance that had followed their separation, till their thus happily

meeting again. The venerable old Montesson, whose feelings were not chilled by age, and Monsieur de Verville, enjoyed the refined happiness, that only those of warm feelings and benevolent dispositions can know, of being happy because their friends were so.

The young Marquis Desanteuil, notwithstanding the caresses of the Duke and Dutchess, always used to consider Monsieur de Verville as his father, hardly knew what to make of thus discovering parents, of whom he had never heard till the Duke came to Rome. And it was obvious, that only a long experience of parental affection, could wean him from the early habit of considering

sidering Monsieur de Verville as a father.

After some stay at Clarens, the Duke and Dutchess with their son, Monsieur de Verville, and Montesson, set off for the Duke's country house, where they were to reside, for some months at least, before they went to Paris.



Chapter 16.

"Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; frait,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again."

Shakespeare

THE intimacy between Montgomer-
y and the Abbé Xavier, which
had commenced almost with their first
acquaintance, appeared to encrease
every day, and excepting at such times
when the Abbé was attending the pri-
vate

vate religious duties of Sir Patrick O'Neill's family, they were scarcely ever separated. For Montgomery, who had long been frequent in his attendance at the public ceremonies of the catholic religion, now never failed to be present at them. He had been strongly impressed by this mode of worship from his first attendance at it, and the interest it excited in him, encreasing every time he was present, as well as from the frequent conversations he had with the Abbé Xavier on the subject, produced in him a sincere veneration for this long established church, which the Abbé was not backward to encourage.

One evening, Montgomery having been then about three months at Rome, as he and the Abbé Xavier were walking in saint Peter's church, the Abbé, with all his efforts by varying his subjects, could not get Montgomery into conversation. He walked quick, though at times making a stop as if going to speak, but then went on again without saying a word. Again he had stopped, and taking the Abbé Xavier by the hand, what he wished to say seemed to hang on his lips, as somebody passed them. "Who is that," said Montgomery eagerly, feeling himself interrupted. As she, for it was a woman, passed an altar at a little distance from them, the feeble rays of its solitary lamp fell on her, and showed her to be in a long veil. "It is a woman

man who has been at confession, I imagine, by her long veil," said the Abbé.

Montgomery had still hold of the Abbé's hand, and pressed it with emotion, he listened till the woman was gone, he looked around, the faint lights did not gleam on any object like a human creature. The Abbé felt Montgomery tremble, "Tell me," he said to him, with a soothing voice, "what agitates you thus, you have never yet found me a cold friend, my son."

"Oh, tell me then," said Montgomery, with a voice scarcely articulate, "will you receive a heretic like me into your church?"

The

The Abbé, who had long hoped this event, was not, therefore, surprised at it, and felt the greatest satisfaction that he was come to this crisis. "My son," he said to him, with a yet more soothing tone, "be comforted, if fear has agitated you thus, relinquish it; you have every thing to hope from the loving mercy of our church, which is always ready to open its arms to the penitent."

Montgomery was consoled, his heart beat less violently, his voice became more articulate, and he put many questions to the Abbé, relative to his being received amongst the catholics. Still there seemed to be something he wished to say, but knew not how. He talked generally again on the subject of his admission

mission into the catholic church. Every word the Abbé said to him was encouraging.

Montgomery quickened his pace again, and went on to the darkest part of the church, where he stopped, and putting his hand on the Abbé's arm, "Is it likely we should be overheard?" he said.

"I think not," said the Abbé, "but you may come to my apartment, as it is distant from the family we shall be secure."

"No, I will not leave this place," answered Montgomery, in a tremulous accent. He leaned against the wall, and

and kept his hand still on the arm of the Abbé, as if afraid to quit his hold of it.

“ Speak low, then,” said the Abbé,
“ for security.”

Montgomery began to speak, but terrified at the sound of his own voice, which, as he spoke low, and was turned towards another wall, that formed a corner where they stood, made a kind of buzzing noise, he paused.

“ Have courage,” said the Abbé,
“ you are with a friend, and we are under the sanctuary of the church.”

Somewhat reassured, Montgomery said, “ Abbé, if you must not hear me
yet

yet as a confessor, you must hear me as a friend. I must know whether you can give me any hopes. I am a widower, you know; I loved my wife to excess. Half a year after we were married, she died, and with her died, I thought, all hopes of happiness for me in this world. I had scarcely ever left her during her illness, and I would not suffer any one but myself to be in the room with the body after she was dead. I hung over it in agonies of grief. The countenance remained placid; and appeared to me angelic. I clasped the dear corpse in my arms, and vowed, calling on heaven to witness what I said, never to violate my faith to this angel by taking another wife to my arms, and kissed her cold lips in ratification of my

VOW,

vow, which I resolved never to disclose."

Montgomery paused, and the Abbé, perceiving that he was still shaken with agitation, said to him, "And what would you that I should do for you, my son?"

"Oh God!" said Montgomery, "if I had been then told I should live to repent of my vow, I should have thought the person who could think so a barbarian. But, my dear Abbé, it is indeed so, a second Louisa, like a pitying angel, soothed my sorrows, and stole into my heart. Though I often feared I loved her more than as a friend, and trembled as I thought on my vow, till she

she was taken from me to go a long journey, I was not sensible to what excess I loved her. Since that time I have flown from her, even shunned hearing of her, and endeavoured to fly from myself, but it is in vain, her image is ever present to me, and misery pursues me every where."

Montgomery ceased speaking and rested his head on the Abbé's shoulder, who, after giving him a few moments to compose himself a little, proposed leaving that place, and talking farther on the subject when they got home. Montgomery, who was nearly exhausted, suffered himself to be led to his hotel by the Abbé, who, though in few and guarded words, poured the balm of consolation

consolation into his wounds, by encouraging him not to despair, but that all might yet be well. They passed some time in conversation at the hotel, which though so cautiously conducted on the part of the Abbé that he did not in fact give Montgomery any farther reason for hope than what he had done already, he yet managed to make so soothing, that he left him in a state of tolerable composure, whilst he himself gained time to arrange his plan of proceeding.

The superstitious disposition of Montgomery would at all times have made him an easy subject for a zealous catholic to make a convert of. When to this was added the uncommonly gloomy state of spirits he had been in ever since
he

he left Wales, the effect of splendid ceremonies of public worship on an enthusiastic imagination, and the powerful, but to himself unsuspected, bias, that the story of Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neill had given him towards the catholic religion, his conversion will not seem extraordinary, or to have effected it, appear to have required the insinuating manners and indefatigable attention of the Abbé Xavier.

Whilst Montgomery was indulging upon his pillow in delicious reveries of future happiness with his beloved Louisa, whose love and constancy he judged of by his own, and which he thought would secure him her forgiveness for his apparently odd behaviour, when

when the cause of it was explained to her, the Abbé Xavier was ruminating on what method to pursue with respect to his avowed conversion, and the dispensation from his vow which he wished to obtain from the Pope.

The Abbé was too acute in his observations not to perceive from the secret with which Montgomery had entrusted him, the real influence to which his conversion was principally owing. But as the knowledge of this would lessen his own glory of having made a proselyte, he came to the determination of Montgomery's appearing with him as his convert, during the ceremonies of the holy week, which was now very near, and then obtaining for him of the
sovereign

sovereign pontiff, a dispensation worded in general terms, as it might well be supposed, that a new convert might have occasion for such an one.

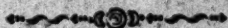
The conversion of Montgomery was now made public, and he attended the ceremonies of the holy week as a catholic. The Abbé Xavier then procured for him a dispensation such as he had planned, and Montgomery having obtained this, took leave of his friends at Rome, and set off for England, intending to go by land to Calais, and to cross from thence to Dover, as the route for his journey, the least likely of any to be productive of any delay to him. Before he left Rome, he wrote a long explanatory letter to Trevelyan,

with

with one inclosed in it for Miss Mordaunt, which was to go by the first vessel that sailed from Ostia, for the chance of its arriving at Wensford before him.

The expedition with which Montgomery travelled, if not equal to his wishes, was nevertheless very considerable, and he arrived at Calais, without meeting with any untoward accident. And failing from thence, in the evening of the day he came there, with a favourable wind, he landed at Dover, after a quick passage, early the next morning.

Chapter



Chapter 17.



“ With that he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.”

Shakespeare.



FROM Dover, Montgomery set out
post to Wensford. At the last stage,
he could not procure any change of
horses, and having come twenty miles
with the last, the idea of the tediousness
of

of ten miles farther with them, was insupportable to him. He enquired if there was not a saddle horse to be had in the town. On hearing where he wanted to go, a person standing in the inn yard immediately said he should have his, for he would do any thing for a friend of 'squire Trevelyan's. In ten minutes, Montgomery was mounted, and left his servant to come after him as he could.

Upon the road, Montgomery met a servant of Trevelyan's. "Is your master at home," he just stopped to ask. "No," the man replied, "he is gone to Glenmor." He was going on to say something more, but Montgomery was already some paces from him, and did
not

not hear him. He turned towards Glenmor, for his impatience would not permit him to go and wait for Trevelyan at Wensford, as he might not perhaps return that night. As he came within half a mile of the Priory, he thought he heard one stroke of the clock. It was a sound at which he could not but start. He stopped an instant to look at his watch, to see what it could have struck, that he might judge whether he should find the family at home, by that it was between six and seven, he was either too fast or too slow therefore. If it was but six, the probability was that he should find them at home, if it was seven, he was afraid they would be gone out to walk, and he should have some time to wait for

P

Trevelyan,

Trevelyan, whom he meant to send for to him, in the steward's room, to avoid any unpleasant consequences from his abrupt appearance there, either to the family or to himself; and, with this view, he intended going in by the court yard, at the back of the house.

When he turned into the court yard, it was as still as death, not a soul was to be seen. He got off his horse and hung the bridle on a post. The sound of the organ in the chapel struck his ear. A deadly tremor came on him, as impelled by the impulse of a thousand indistinct ideas he went towards the chapel. As he went up the steps of the passage that led to the door, his knees smote each other. But when he saw a mourning croud assembled

fumbled in the chapel, despair gave him strength, and he rushed through it to the upper end. Then, staring wildly around him, and, seeing all the family but Miss Mordaunt, "You have murdered my angel!" he exclaimed, and fell by the side of the coffin.

Every one present was, for a moment, petrified with astonishment. Mr. Aston and Shirley were the first who recovered themselves, and taking him up, carried him from the chapel to the house. Every body who had known him, recognized, as they thought, Montgomery, but scarcely dare trust their senses, and several of the country people who were present, with difficulty believed that it was not his ghost. He was put to bed

no more saw him P 2 1/2 to be his and

and he laid in a total stupor for many hours, from which he was only roused to raving delirium, talking incessantly of his murdered Louisa, and sometimes accusing himself, sometimes every one about him in their turns, as her murderer.

His fears, indeed, were too just, it was the funeral of Miss Mordaunt that he just came to witness, and the last stroke of the bell tolling for it, that he had heard as he was upon the road. The unfortunate Sophia, gradually worn down by uneasiness, had been recently attacked by a fever, which her constitution had not strength to resist, and after an illness of ten days she expired.

From her first being taken ill she always talked of dying, and was calm on

every subject, but about Montgomery. "O Caroline," she would say to Mrs. Shirley, who scarcely ever left her, "it will break Montgomery's heart when he hears that I am dead, I know he loves me; God knows why he went away, but I am sure he is wretched." At times after a disturbed sleep she would say she had seen him, and that he was waiting for her, that they might go to heaven together. At other times she said he was weeping over her grave and dying of grief, with many other suggestions of a disordered imagination.

Early in her illness, once as she heard the clock strike, she burst into tears, and catching hold of Caroline's hand, "He parted with me in agony," she said,

eagerly, "look where he goes, support me, I shall never reach the house alive."

The day before she died, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, she cut off a lock of her hair, and entreated them, if ever Montgomery returned to give it to him, as the dying testimony of her love for him. Soon after this she was quite lost, and never had an interval of sense afterwards. Till that time she had generally known them all, and talked with composure to her mother, brother, and Mr. Aston, never to them naming Montgomery. Several times she desired to see Trevelyan, and if only Mr. and Mrs. Shirley were present besides, always requested him to continue his friendship to Montgomery as long as he lived.

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This request, the dictate of affection, however superfluous to a friend like Trevelyan, he often thought of when watching by the bedside of his unhappy friend, who continued at Glenmor, not being in a state to be removed from thence. Mordaunt had indeed requested he might remain there, even if it should be found possible to remove him, as most satisfactory to them all, to await the event of his illness, and the development of his unaccountable conduct.

On the fourth day after the arrival of Montgomery, during which time he had never had any interval of reason, his raving entirely subsided and he became quiet, and for a moment, Trevelyan hoped that he knew him, by

by his taking hold of his hand. But he only looked at it, played with his fingers a little while, then smiled unmeaningly and threw it aside, and took the same idiotic notice of something else. He sunk rapidly during the day. In the night a convulsive struggle came on, and in half an hour, he breathed his last.

The distress of his friends on this event was augmented by the strange perplexity they were left in about him. His servant, who came not many hours after him to Glenmor, not having been able in any degree to clear up the incomprehensibilities of his conduct.

The morning after his death, Trevelyan thought it necessary to open

the trunk brought after him to the Priory, in hopes of finding papers, that might direct him how to proceed in his affairs. He did not find any that gave directions of this kind, but he found the Pope's dispensation to him, which, as it was generally worded added to, instead of at all explaining, the mysteriousness of this business. The next day, Montgomery's letter from Rome came to Trevelyan, which with that enclosed in it to Miss Mordaunt, whilst they unfolded the motives of his conduct, added much to the shock their friends had already felt, on the deaths of Sophia and Montgomery.

The reflecting mind as it retraces the latent motives that influenced the
strange

strange conduct of Montgomery, which made him the unhappy cause of his own and Sophia's death, as much as if a dagger, aimed by his hand, had pierced them both to the heart, cannot fail to be strongly impressed with the errors of their mistaken, rather than neglected, education.

The unfortunate fondness of their respective weak mothers, had cherished imbecility in them, at the time of life when they ought most to have roused the energies of their minds.

Thus dissolved in what is satirically called *womanish* weakness, but which in reality is not a weakness of any sex, but a deficiency in which ever sex it appears,

appears, in the genuine dignity of human nature, Montgomery became the creature of morbid feelings, the dupe of his imagination, and the victim of superstition; wasting his own life in self created misery, and dooming to unhappiness, and ultimately to death, the woman whom he loved, but had not the sense to marry.

Sophia, under similar circumstances of education with Montgomery, and imbibing from it similar effects, on being deserted by him, had not any resource within herself, to oppose to the severe trial of such a disappointment. The disposition cherished in her, had ill exchanged the genuine impulses of nature, for the factitious feelings of romance.

mance. Her love and her grief, were alike of this cast, and excluded every other object from her mind. And yielding herself entirely to melancholy, and the suggestions of her distempered imagination, she fell, like a victim who bares its bosom and meets half way the murderer's knife, an unresisting prey to the distressing situation she was thrown into.

May the fate of these unfortunate and early victims, and which of us, alas! does not know numberless instances besides, of mismanaged education, awaken in the parents and guardians of youth, a vigilant attention to form their plans of education on the basis of reason, and steadily to pursue their object, neither deviating

deviating on the one hand into weak indulgence, or on the other into harsh restraint, till they accomplish that most desirable and interesting of all ends, the forming truly rational members of society.

